WEEK ENDING MARCH 7 1925

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Gloria Swanson

will pay $50,000 for an IDEA for Her

SEE PAGES 42 and 43

The Best Essex Ever Built—$895

Freight and Tax Extra

Its Greatest Values Cannot Be Copied

The Chassis is Patented

Cost considered, Essex gives the utmost in transportation value. By all means learn the facts. Ask Essex owners. Take a ride. Note this smooth performance, not surpassed by any car. How simply it handles. How luxurious its riding ease. Then think of its price.

And consider that two of every three buyers of Essex cars come to it from those who formerly owned cars whose only appeal is low cost.

Essex has all the advantages of the famous and exclusive Hudson patents. In quality Hudson and Essex are alike.

This is the finest Essex ever built. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Essex Holds Its Own In Any Company—In Any Service

To the woman who is not afraid to be frank —*in her thinking*

FRANKNESS of speech is one thing. Frankness of thought is quite another. And a wholesome thing it is. Nothing more surely gives a woman poise and confidence than the habit of frank, straight thinking about her own physical well-being.

To know the facts about feminine hygiene—that is not indelicacy. It is *enlightenment*. To know the dangers that come from the use of poisonous compounds—that too is enlightenment.

Throw out the "skull and crossbones"

Women have long been victims of the failure of science to provide a non-poisonous antiseptic which had enough germicidal power to be of practical use. Compounds containing carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury held sway simply because there was nothing to take their place. And both of these are dangerous poisons.

Now all this is changed. Science at last *has* solved the problem. And the result is the great antiseptic, Zonite, which has proved its value in hundreds of thousands of homes. Mothers need no longer worry that deadly poisons may fall into the hands of their children. In this way, Zonite has proved itself a blessing many times multiplied.

Zonite combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. It is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and it is *fifty times* as strong as peroxide of hydrogen.

Zonite endorsed by hospitals and specialists

Many members of the medical profession, though endorsing the practice of feminine hygiene as a health measure, have long deplored the use of poisonous, caustic fluids for the purpose. No wonder, then, that Zonite has been hailed with satisfaction. For Zonite, notwithstanding its great germicidal power is, in its many uses, absolutely harmless to delicate membranes and tissues. In fact, its action is beneficial and mildly stimulating. Dental authorities are recommending it highly as a mouthwash and for oral hygiene generally.

This free booklet offered by the Women's Division

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet expressly for the use and convenience of women. Thoroughly and frankly it discusses feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc., and its scientific, impersonal treatment of these matters enhances its value in the eyes of the intelligent reader.

Every woman with a sense of responsibility to herself will want to have a copy or to pass a copy along to her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty "social correspondence" envelope. Use the coupon below.

A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

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Women's Division

ZONITE
PRODUCTS CO.
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New York, N.Y.

I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (V-6)

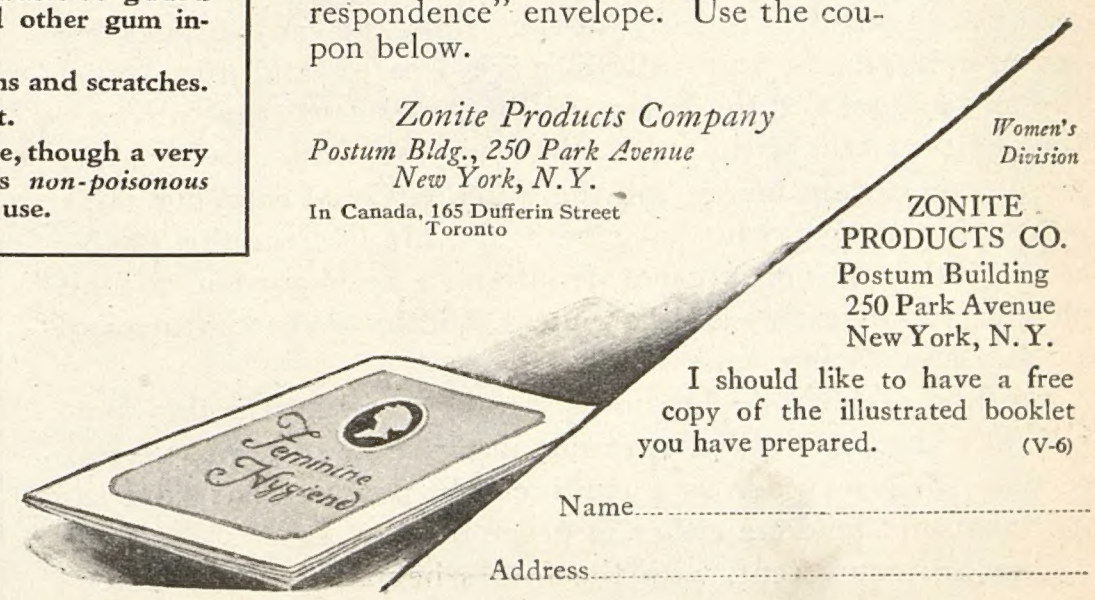
Name.....

Address.....

In bottles, 50c and $1 at drug stores
Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

Zonite



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A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE PACIFIC COAST FRONTIER

With nearly every generation America has shifted a frontier. In the seventeenth century the English colonies faced the Indians, faced the French, and, with less concern, faced the Spanish. For a while the great frontier was the one against France. The Seven Years' War wiped that out in 1763.

After that the American frontier shifted generation by generation against the Indians, a resourceful enemy almost a little more than enough against the whites on their own terrain, but, illogically, never quite enough. They held the Mohawk Valley and the whites went across the Pennsylvania mountains. They held the Ohio Valley and the whites went through Cumberland Gap.

The frontier was at Detroit, at Kaskaskia in Illinois, at Boonesboro and other Kentucky towns, at Nashville in Tennessee. The enemy lay in the Miami villages north of Fort Hamilton at Cincinnati on the Ohio. It was concentrated under Tecumseh the Shawnee or in the coalition under Pontiac; in the bands of Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickamaugas to the south or of Seminoles down in Florida.

The advance went on. Every stage brought a new enemy on a new frontier. As the war with Mexico was being fought, the American explorer, adventurer, trapper, and home hunter was finding contact with new tribes and new frontiers. He had traveled the Santa Fe and Oregon trails and the road the Union Pacific took.

While the Civil War was being fought Minnesota and the Dakotas were battlefields against the Indians. After that came the long struggle against the Parthian horsemen of the plains—the Apache, Sioux, Comanche, and Arapahoe. The native of the forest had been skillful and deadly in his trackless domain. These riders of the plains were equally so.

The aboriginal American offered to his invader quite as much resistance as the Briton offered the Roman or the Saxon and quite as much as the Saxon offered the Scandinavian or the Norman. St. Clair's defeat north of the Ohio was as signal as any temporary success the Mercians of Saxon Britain ever had over the Danes.

The Americans went on. Custer's command was exterminated in a defeat worse than that of Braddock or St. Clair, and this was almost in our own time. But the plains, the canyons, deserts, and mountain passes and valleys were cleared and the travel, the home seekers, and the homes of the Americans went unvexed to the western sea, with steel ribs carrying trains where the covered wagon went before and the Panama Canal carrying ships.

Now the people who have won all this live on the Pacific Coast and that is our present frontier—a rose garden, a fruit garden, a land of riches and happiness won by three centuries of effort and now facing Asia.

The non-assimilable Japanese say they will storm this frontier if they are not allowed entrance in peace and the people who have won their way across a continent to possess that land say that it shall not be done either in peace or war.

They are competent, with the forces behind them, to defend this frontier. California, Oregon, and Washington are not the Briton kingdoms against the Romans. They are not the Saxon kingdoms against the Danes. The new frontier of America, looking west toward the yellow races, will suffice against them because of the quality of the men who hold the wall.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Turning an Idea Into $50,000

LIBERTY'S greatest contest—one of the most remarkable offers in magazine history—is under way. The announcement on pages 42 and 43 of this issue tells about it. Your chance to win a fortune for an idea—just the bare framework of a story—is explained there in detail. But as a further help to prospective contestants, Liberty will print next week a specimen synopsis, showing exactly the kind of story outline the editors want. So you won't need experience or writing skill to enter the contest. Just use this synopsis as a model, and go to it!

PERCY MARKS
Author of The Wind's Will

An unusual array of good things to read is in this coming issue. *Percy Marks* contributes a sparkling short story called *The Wind's Will*, about a college boy and his drolly perplexing love affair. *John V. A. Weaver* writes entertainingly of the past in a quaint bit of autobiography entitled *The Rise and Fall of a Parlor Snake*. There's a ludicrous yarn of a Darktown Lothario—*Wire Trouble*, by *Henry C. Vance*—and *Ring Lardner's* travelogue, *The Other Side*, comes comically to an end.

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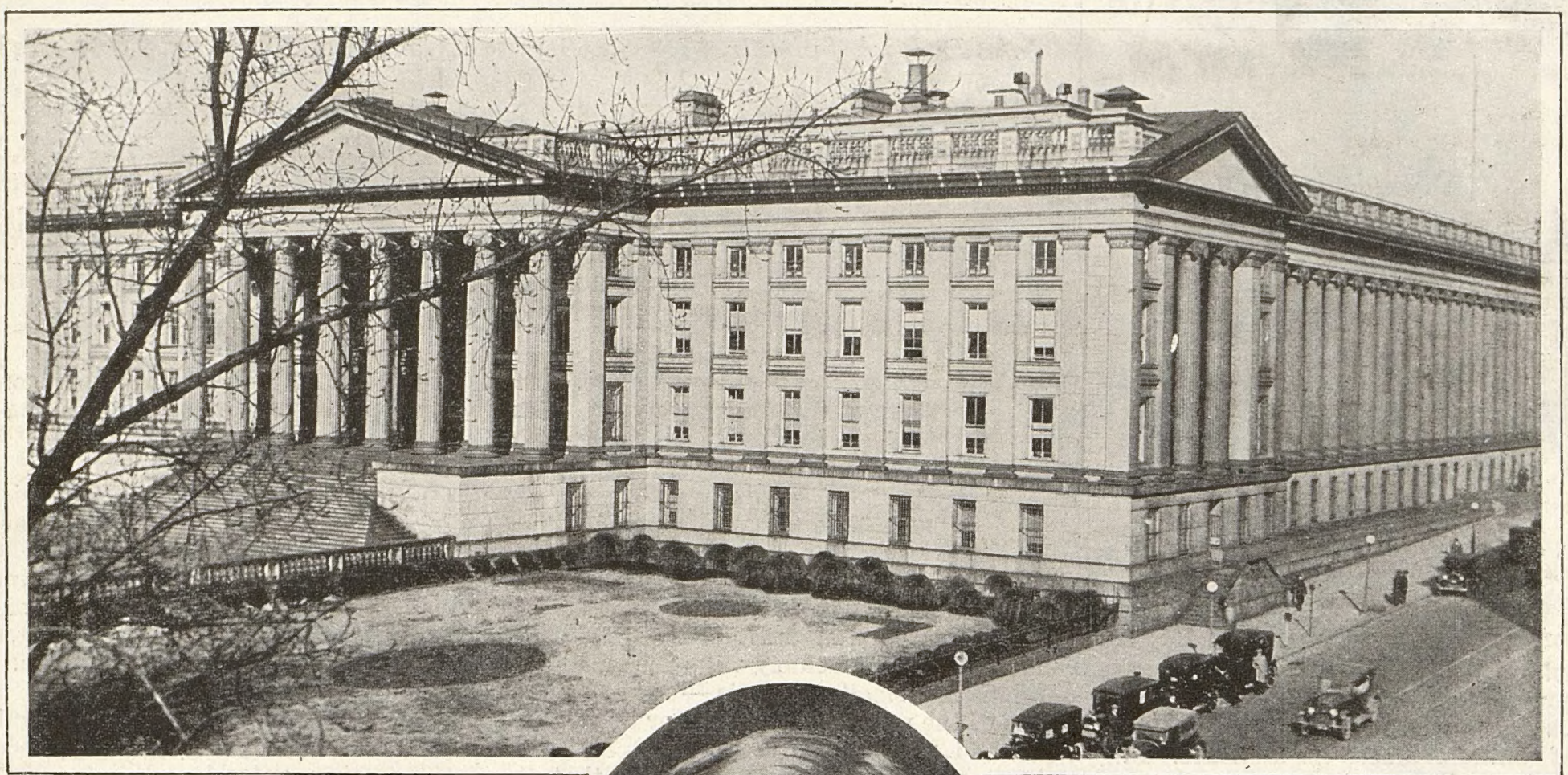
Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

DODGING *the* INCOME TAX

By WALTER DAVENPORT



Tax headquarters: The U. S. Treasury Building in Washington.

© Henry Miller

THERE are just two general ways of paring down one's income tax—the legal and the illegal. For the former you pay lawyers and accountants large fees. For the latter you take burning chances of being caught and being fined, or going to jail, or both. As the lawyers and accountants tell it, these two methods are subdivided, to a certain extent, thus:

LEGAL.

Tax exempt securities.
Corporations and partnerships for personal income distribution.
Living on borrowed money and paying interest.
Taking stock losses and the subsequent chance of buying back at a reasonable figure.
Being unlucky in the stock market.

Of course, there are other legal ways of reducing the tax—dozens of them. Much depends upon your source or sources of income and what means you use to acquire it.

ILLEGAL.

Not reporting at all.
Reporting only in part.
Plain lying.

THE curtain is about to rise upon the annual showdown which we shall call The Incomes of 1924. Uncle Sam and all his collectors of internal revenue and all their staffs have settled themselves in their chairs prepared to be surprised, shocked, amused, and even bored.

We, the wage earners, the unearned increment recipients, and the heirs to the family fortunes, are the actors. We have been in rehearsals for months and are convinced that our audience is about to be rendered hysterical with admiration for our skill. For months we have consulted income tax experts—lawyers, accountants, and former employees of the Treasury Department—and, with their help, have evolved income tax returns which, for surface simplicity, guilelessness, and innocence, make the weekly Sunday school leaflet look like a cross-word puzzle in Gaelic.

© Henry Miller

Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Mellon himself paid an income tax of $1,173,987.85 last year.

A Passing Glance at the Devious Devices with Which Some of Your Fellow Mortals Meet Uncle Sam's Annual "Please Remit"

The audience, like all audiences, is a bit cynical. It has a deep suspicion that there is sure to be some extremely poor comedy between curtain and curtain; and even if there isn't one sour note on first hearing, or one missed cue, it is a certain thing that there is some dastardly reason for this surface sweetness. Insanitary conditions backstage, probably, or cheap scenery which will turn green in a week. The very fact that everything looks so well is enough for that audience to base its opinion on; and the opinion is against the show.

In brief, we are about to pay our income taxes. On our faces are smiles which have no roots—mere superficial grimaces which wither at a word and vanish at a stern or even searching look. We know, and the government knows, that, if it collects upward of three billion dollars from us, it is not getting more than forty per cent or so of the sum that would go into the treasury if everybody were honest, if there were no such income absorbers as nontaxable bonds, if men were not permitted to incorporate themselves—if, in short, the law were perfect, democratic, and seamless.

A PRODIGIOUS if not a sincere showdown The loud singing, the fancy dancing, and the looking pretty will be done by the big financial stars. We people of the chorus will, as all choruses do, work harder and suffer more than the other entertainers, not, understand, because we are more virtuous, but because we have to. We *can't* dodge much, pity on it, because the audience has us all tabulated, classified, appraised, and checked in advance.

We of the chorus are the mere wage earners. Before we hand our money to Uncle Sam, he knows, or has easy and immediate access to knowing, precisely how much we earned and how much we shall pay. I write of wage earners as a class, realizing, of course, that there are those who receive a salary who can and do avail themselves of many of the tax evasions enjoyed by the winners of those big incomes which are not to be classified as wages or salaries. But such wage earners are those who receive pay so big or so little or derived from so many sources that they must be considered apart from those who get so much a week from

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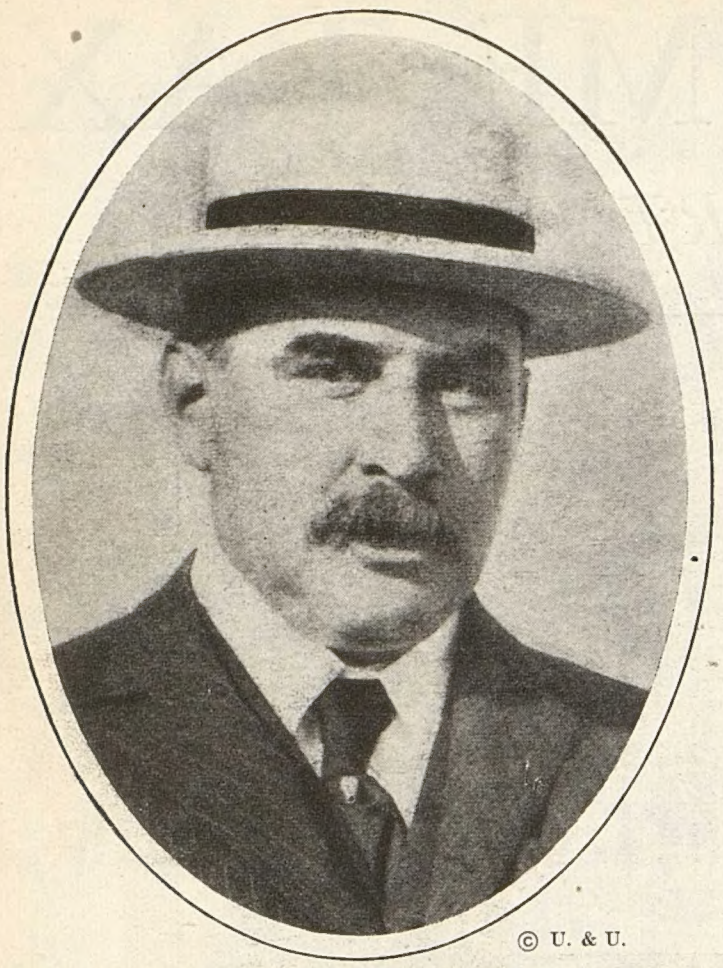

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J. P. Morgan, international banker, whose income tax was only $98,643.67—a circumstance puzzling to the uninitiated.

WHAT THEY PAID

SURPRISE, chagrin, and various other emotions—as Mr. Davenport points out in his article—greeted the publication of income tax figures last October. Here are a few items:

John D. Rockefeller Jr.	$7,435,169.41	*George F. Baker Sr.*	$660,371.52
Henry Ford	2,467,946.10	*Vincent Astor*	285,801.44
Andrew Mellon	1,173,987.85	*Douglas Fairbanks*	225,769.04
William Wrigley Jr.	1,154,420.24	*John D. Rockefeller Sr.*	124,266.47
George F. Baker Jr.	678,664.16	*J. P. Morgan*	98,643.67

Sixty-seven citizens reported net incomes of more than a million dollars in 1922. Four admitted more than five million.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

a stated employer throughout the year or years.

So the show we are about to present to Uncle Sam and his accountants will follow the usual procedure of failing to amaze the audience. In a few days the audience will hiss us off the stage and say:

"Step down. Take our chairs while we take your places and show you how it should be done."

And from then on the normal procedure. We who pay do the listening and the government does the acting. And the Uncle Sam players, hardened old war horses, don't give a hang whether we hiss or not. The play will go right on. We may like it or not. But we have to attend.

IN due time, unless the law is changed, whole pages of the newspapers will be devoted to how much we, as individuals, paid in income taxes. We have not quite recovered from the pleasurable surprises, the chagrin, the amazement, and the other emotions with which we read the figures last October: Andrew Mellon, $1,173,987.85; John D. Rockefeller Jr., $7,435,169.41; Henry Ford, $2,467,946.10; John D. Rockefeller Sr., $124,266.47; J. P. Morgan, $98,643.67; George F. Baker Jr., $678,664.16; George F. Baker Sr., $660,371.52; Douglas Fairbanks, $225,769.04; Vincent Astor, $285,801.44; William Wrigley Jr., $1,154,420.24.

But we can't keep that up. These were, of course, among the more altitudinous figures, although the magic of the Morgan name is such that the vast majority of us, who have nothing more tangible to go on than merely that, received the impression that the head of the greatest of our banking houses paid little.

The total taxable income of the American people in 1922 was $28,300,023,673. From this income—personal and corporate—the federal government took $1,644,833,576 in taxes. This merely in income taxes. Sixty-seven citizens of this highly productive land reported net incomes in excess of a million dollars. Doubtless there were more in this class, but sixty-seven admitted it. Nine reported net incomes in excess of three million and four admitted to more than five million. John D. Rockefeller Jr. probably was one of them. Henry Ford and his son Edsel are suspected of being two more. You will have to guess the fourth yourself. The government refuses to divulge his name. The Treasury Department will not admit that Mr. Rockefeller and the Fords are three of the more than five million a year class.

We Americans, who are accustomed to play with large figures whether we are personally acquainted with them or not, were not amazed by the big amounts. The figures which caused us to chatter most volubly were the small ones—relatively small, that is—following the names of the men who we knew, or thought we knew, had enormous incomes.

After all, it was in these figures that the greater interest lay. It is not extraordinary that a very rich man should pay a very large tax. We poor folk get a certain amount of satisfaction out of such knowledge. But when a modern Midas pays a tax which we think disproportionate we are not only tremendously indignant but enormously inquisitive.

I went forth seeking that most elusive of dames—Truth—and returned with at least a shred of her shroud. Perhaps my first surprise was born of the discovery of how many men and women are making comfortable fortunes for themselves as income tax experts.

There are as many varieties of lawyer experts selling income tax advice as there are lawyers. The shyster will be the shyster from torts to murder. Therefore, we have those counselors-at-law who have added to their ambulance-chasing the income tax contingent fee. They flourished in the first years of the law, but are less numerous today. Their work was too crude. They pared down their client's tax, but usually the client had trouble with the Treasury Department afterward.

I talked to a dozen legitimate income tax experts. Striking a mean of all their arguments, I find that there are only two or three principal methods of evading a certain portion of income tax payments.

P. & A. Photo

Henry Ford's son, Edsel, who is suspected of belonging, with his father, to the little group of men who reported incomes of more than five million a year.

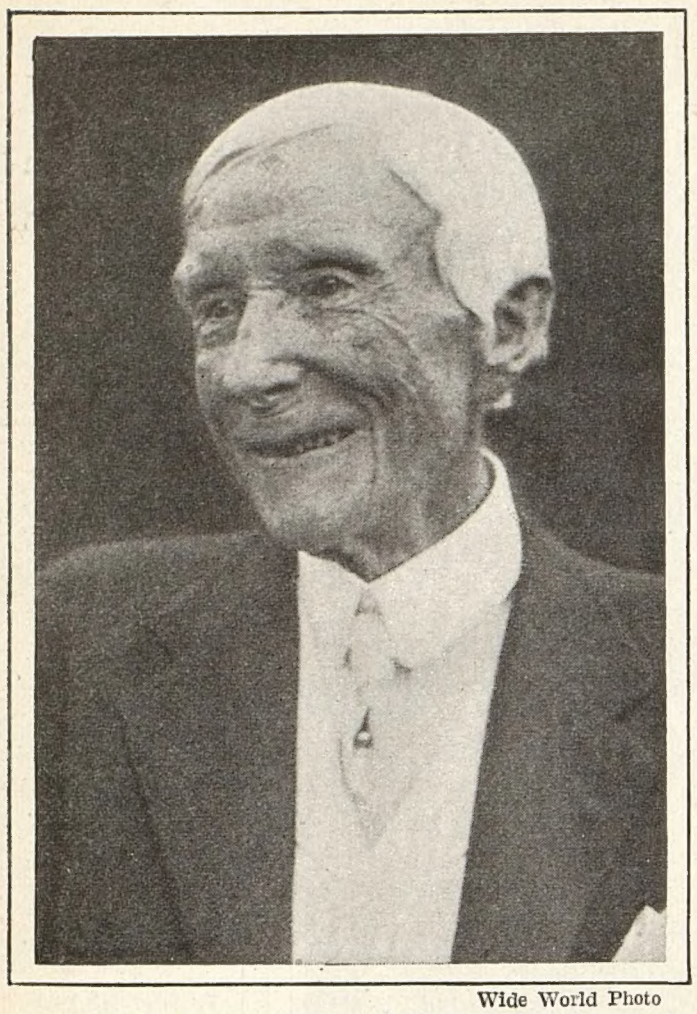
ONE—wholly dishonest—consists in not truthfully reporting one's income or not reporting it at all. There are no ifs nor buts about this method; it is one hundred per cent dishonest and has, among its other disadvantages, that danger of being caught, haled into court, fined or imprisoned, or both. Nor does such an evader have even a hint of an excuse.

Then there are the entirely legal methods such as investing in nontaxable securities, incorporating oneself and living on borrowed money on which you pay interest of anywhere from half to three-quarters of your salary. All of this I shall explain in due course.

A particularly frank expert told me the apparently most popular dodge was far from being involved or cunning. It was, he said, "plain damned lying." To be sure, if you lie about your income, you are inviting trouble. You may get away with it, but you must remember that you have filed in Washington a sworn affidavit which, if the question of your probity is ever raised, may be fetched forth to stare you out of countenance and into a ton or so of trouble.

This is a subject worthy of your attention. If you have knowingly sworn falsely to an income tax return, take what comfort you can out of the knowledge that the Treasury Department is three or four years behind in its investigations. As the result of its inquiries as to this and that, it is receiving scores of letters a day from banks, trust companies, individuals, corporations and so on, and each of these letters has to do with some item or lack thereof on some tax statement.

It is only reasonable to



Wide World Photo

John D. Rockefeller Sr., paid $124,266.47. His son's tax was approximately sixty times as much.

expect that one day the department will catch up. At least it will overtake errors you may have made. It is only fair to warn you. Think of your past errors and be prepared with the money and a credible story. You may need both.

It stands to reason, the experts say, that there is no way of gauging, even roughly, a man's income by the amount of tax he paid or was assessed. As an example, one lawyer told me that a client of his paid about six thousand dollars, despite the fact that he was the master of about fifteen million dollars, which fetched him an income of approximately eight hundred thousand dollars annually.

This man had about seven million dollars invested in nontaxable securities the average yield of which was between four and five per cent. A large portion of the rest of his money was fearfully and profitably involved in interlocking corporations, of which he was the whole body—the only stockholder. Still more was represented by stock in railroads which, while large earners, paid no dividends (by common consent of all shareholders) but were piling up huge reserves which are to be distributed when the income tax law is modified or abolished.

A whole staff of lawyers and accountants spent many days reducing this man's income tax to that six thousand dollars. It cost him about ten thousand dollars to have it done, but without the advice and conniving that fee purchased he might have paid the government ten times the amount he did—perhaps twenty times. I am inclined to the belief that the lawyer understated his fees. He is a modest man.

In my inquiries I came across the trail of a doctor, who, having a large practice amongst people who are rich enough to warrant him charging from twenty-five dollars to a hundred dollars for a mere consultation, enjoys a considerable yearly income. He keeps no books. He has no bank account. Every dollar he receives is turned over to his wife, who pays all bills, even to those incident to maintaining her husband's offices.

He paid a tax on an income of five thousand dollars, surely not one-fifth of his real income. He had to pay something because a doctor, as every man will, makes enemies; and a former official of the Internal Revenue Bureau in New York told me that it was not unusual for the Treasury Department to get fifty letters a day from people who wanted to be sure that So-and-So was not evading paying his income tax.

PURSUING this line of information, I asked another lawyer about doctors. Ah, yes! He knew a doctor who had never paid income tax, although he must have made from twenty to thirty thousand dollars a year. Kept no books. There was no way to prove that he had taken a profit, although it is absurd to suppose he hadn't. Doctors must live. And this lawyer assured me that dentists have done the same thing.

Such a man's wife must of necessity enjoy a supreme sense of security. Also she would be indeed numb were she not to experience a thrill of flattery. For a man to thus place his all in a woman's hands is perhaps not unusual, but it will never fail to arouse thoughts about the heavy wager such tax dodgers make on the future.

The small shopkeeper, I was told, is one of the baffling problems. Throughout the year, for example, there are fifty investigators from the Treasury Department operating among the shopkeepers of the lower East Side of New York City. They had to deal with a rather hopeless situation and seek by loud words and a species of intimidation to get what they may out of their assignment.

Paul Thompson Photo

Douglas Fairbanks, moving picture star, from whom Uncle Sam collected $225,769.04.

One of them enters the bird, dog, and goldfish store owned, operated and managed by Mr. O. Nimble. Mr. Nimble is doing his more or less level best to extract from his sale of birds, dogs, and goldfish a reasonable living for Madame and the little Nimbles. He keeps no books and has his money scattered around in three, four, five savings banks. He sells for cash and buys with cash. The government man comes to him and Mr. Nimble decides to let the government man do all the work.

He is asked for his books. He has none. He is asked for his bank books. He produces them—maybe. The chances are that he will withhold one or even two. There is no way for the government man to know that he has other deposits in other banks unless Mr. Nimble's unfriendly competitor across the street happens to know just how many banks he deposits in and, with malice toward Nimble, tells the investigator.

Wide World Photo

John D. Rockefeller Jr., whose tax, according to the published lists, was $7,435,169.41.

But suppose Nimble decides to take no chances and produces all of his bank books. Carefully the investigator goes over them and finds that whereas Mr. Nimble started the year with assets of ten thousand dollars, he closed with eighteen thousand. He will extract from the merchant such information as he may about the costs of upkeep of the shop and the business and then make the allowable deductions for Mrs. Nimble and the children and ask Mr. Nimble to pay income tax on a percentage of the remainder—say twenty per cent.

USUALLY, Mr. Nimble is not one-half of one per cent as stupid as he pretends to be and the government's man will find, at last, that he has spent several hundred dollars' worth of time in extracting from the bird, dog, and goldfish merchant as little as fifty dollars. There are thousands of Nimbles.

The field agents for the Bureau of Internal Revenue are neither more nor less human than those they are paid eighteen hundred dollars a year to investigate. It is but natural

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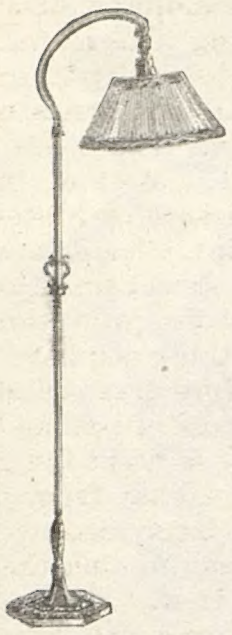
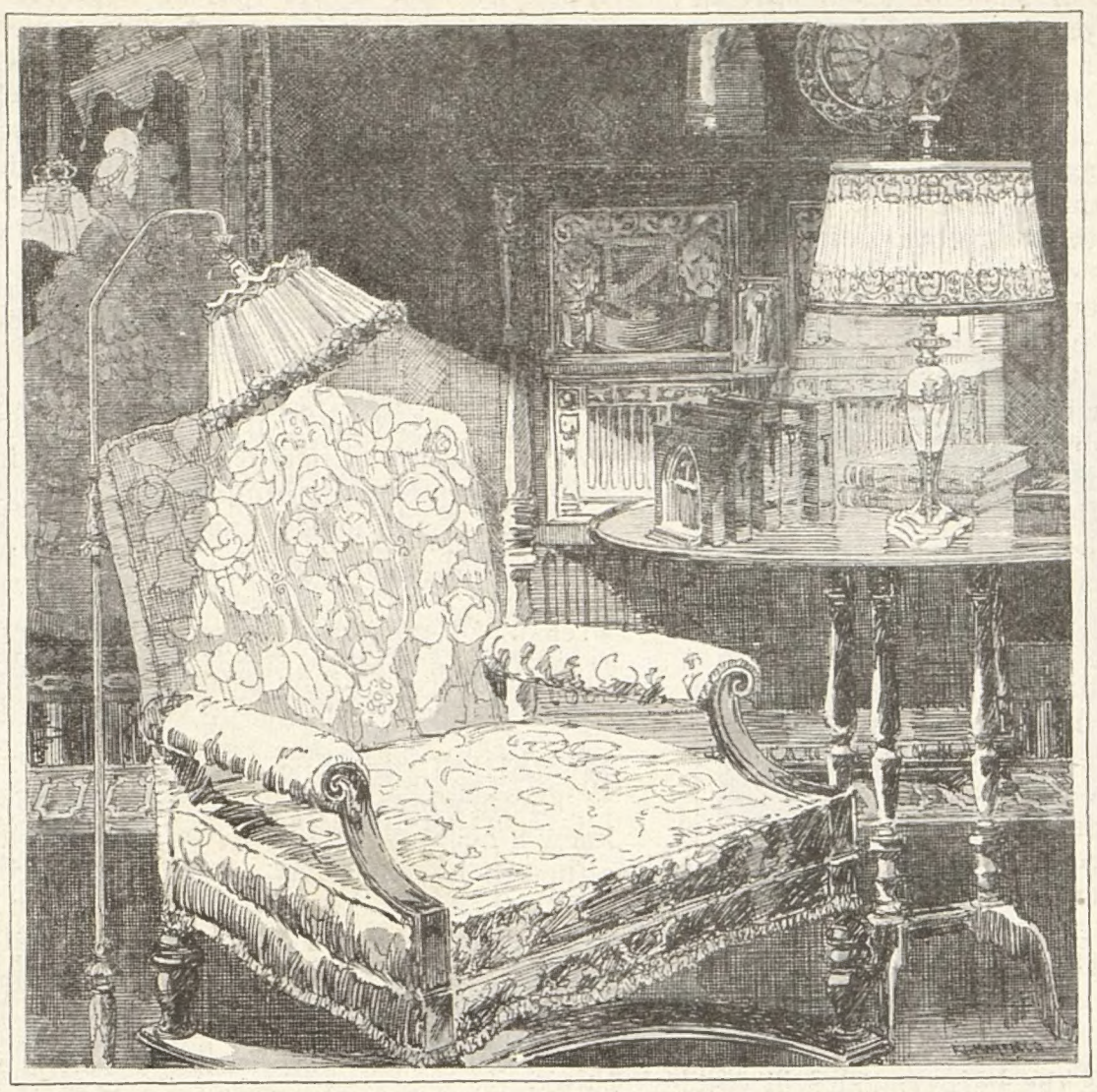


Evidence of the exceptional values to be found in Almco Lamps is this handsome bridge lamp with an all-metal base finished in plated French gold and a georgette shade edged with black and gold ruching.

Special
$25.00

A shade of champagne georgette and orchid satin, delicate china flowers, a slender Rosaline vase, and a tall standard in a plated gold finish form this charming lamp. $95



A delightful bridge lamp with onyx base, standard plated in brass, gold and polychrome effect. Shade of putty taffeta; ruching of wistaria velvet and gold cloth. $95

Like an old-world masterpiece is this wonderful lamp, with base of onyx, gold-plated standard encasing onyx vase and shade of gold cloth and heavy antique braid. $150

Every home can now have *better lamps*

A warm glow from candle-type lights drifts through a rose gold cloth shade upon an onyx vase, gold plated standard and onyx base. $275

A slim standard of plated bronze and gold on an onyx base is topped by an exquisite shade of gold cloth and green taffeta with a bronze glow when lighted. $135

Combine a green etched vase, old gold plated metal, a base of onyx and a shade of gold cloth and lace and you have the fascinating lamp pictured. $195

You remember the ugly, clumsy lamps that a few years ago were the only ones available. You had them in your own home, but you never liked them. The bases were heavy and crude—the shades were gaudy, and frequently, because they were bought separately, were inharmonious.

Then, one day, you heard of a new idea in lamp design—Almco Lamps, each lamp created as a complete unit, with base, shade and every detail of design, color and finish in accord; and each lamp embodying a new conception of artistry and a new standard of craftsmanship.

Today, as then, Almco Lamps set the pace in lamp design and workmanship. They have made it possible for every woman to have in her home lamps that are fine and beautiful, that are in the most exquisite taste, but that are not prohibitive in price. The newest fashion sponsored by the creators of these lovely lamps is the interesting plated finishes, simulating antique and bright gold, silver, French bronze, English brass, Swedish iron and other rich and handsome effects.

These delightful lamps may be found in any of the better stores. They are easily identified by the Almco tag or label on base or shade. Write for booklet, "What Good Taste Decrees in Lamps."

ART LAMP MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DISPLAY ROOMS
Almco Building, 1433 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago
306 Fifth Avenue, at 31st Street, New York

ALMCO LAMPS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

that you should hear some of them have accepted money for passing fraudulent returns. Correct or not, such assumptions have no place in this article. But it is not so—popular opinion to the contrary—that they are spurred on to making delinquents or dodgers disgorge by receiving from the government a percentage of what they are able to recover. If you owe the government money and the field agent wrings it out of you, the law permits no part of that sum to go into his pockets.

Then there is the farmer and the stock raiser. I talked with a former executive in the Bureau of Internal Revenue who cited an address he made in the Panhandle country to three thousand cattlemen. In his opinion there were, in his audience, at least a thousand ranchers whose annual incomes were in excess of twenty thousand dollars. There were some who, in that year, were in a way of turning over fifty thousand.

"You all know I'm representing the government," said the revenue official, "but I will drop that for a moment and forget it afterward. Now tell me, how many of you paid income taxes last year?"

Six hands were raised.

The revenue collector told me that he wasn't at all surprised. These ranchmen seldom keep books.

PERUSING the income tax lists you come upon the name of a man who is known to receive one of the highest salaries paid in this country. It is, excellent authority has it, as much as two hundred thousand a year. But this man pays the government a ridiculously small sum. At once, so patently disproportionate is his tax, the city begins to ask questions—not with an eye to proving the payee a liar, but with mere curiosity.

They discover that this large-salaried person has incorporated himself for certain business purposes—real estate dealings, for example. He is the only stockholder in the corporation save for one share each held by his lawyer, who is the vice president of the body; his son, who is secretary, and his wife, who is a director. Such earnings as this corporation accumulates are taxable at twelve and a half per cent, the rate for corporation earnings. He may have himself incorporated two or three times for various business activities.

Let us assume that his salary is actually two hundred thousand dollars a year. At once he puts one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of this out of the reach of the government by going to his bank or a number of banks and borrowing two million five hundred thousand dollars at six per cent, which binds him to pay the bank one hundred and fifty thousand a year in interest. This money is handled by one of the one-man corporations, which promptly puts it to work, and the result is a Belgravian hotel or apartment house or office building. He lives on the remaining fifty thousand of his salary.

This is not news to the financiers, but is to us small citizens who spend entirely too much time wondering how the other fellow gets away with whatever it is he does. It would not be wholly fair to mention the names of those wealthy citizens who do this perfectly legal thing to avoid heavy personal taxes, but you may accept it as fact that they are numerous.

The customary procedure of the rich man is to turn over the computing of his income tax to his lawyer. His lawyer does his duty by his client by working downward. His duty is first to his client, second to himself, and the government fetches up a reasonable rear. I do not imply dishonesty. The lawyer may be rigorously honest. The client might at once dismiss a lawyer who was less than honest.

But honesty, being a good rule, works both ways. One is just as dishonest if one cheats oneself as he is if he cheats his neighbor. He may not boast greater righteousness who refuses to be fair to himself. The days of the hair shirt are history's. Therefore, the lawyer takes every advantage the law allows him. That is his duty to his client. He knows that the agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau will do their best to ease a disputed dollar toward the treasury's vaults. They know that the taxpayer would rather see that dollar stay at home.

Therefore you may not blame the millionaire who pays an income tax of two hundred dollars so much as you must blame the poor construction of the law.

The income tax law as originally drawn was an undemocratic thing. Innumerable amendments did little to better it. The current law—the 1924 version—shows progress, but it still permits the rich man to hide his wealth without resorting to dishonesty.

The rich man, having the money necessary to create private corporations and purchase large blocks of stocks, is able to pare his return down until his secretary pays a relatively larger tax, but that is the fault of the law.

The experts will tell you that the bulk of the honest tax returns (or at least the more nearly honest tax returns) come from that class of men and women whose income ranges from two thousand to fifteen thousand dollars. In other words (and this is not cynicism), the more honest returns are made by the wage and salary earners whose names and salary paid them are turned in by their employers.

Thousands of those who earn less than two thousand dollars simply ignore the law and make no return. And just the minute a man's income begins to exceed fifteen thousand he retains a lawyer or accountant with a view to paring down and evading. It is not only futile but impossible to consider this an arbitrary state of affairs. It is, however, a bit of human nature. Man has ever hated taxation.

IT would be interesting to set down here the number or even approximately the number of wage and salary earners who have never paid income taxes or who have skipped paying now and then.

But it amounts to a million or so at least. It is estimated that the treasury department has from six to eight million salary reports from employers which have no corresponding tax return in Washington. In other words, the government has knowledge of between six and eight million salaries which have never been levied upon for taxes—which were never reported by the persons receiving these salaries.

What are they going to do about it? Obviously the only thing to do is to hope that one day in the distant future the Treasury Department will have caught up with its constantly mounting list of persons to be investigated. You must keep this in mind. The government is not a complete fool. Eventually it will catch up with the delinquents. Of course, in the meantime some of those in arrears will have died, vanished. What then? Figure it for yourself. You know as much about this phase of the subject as the experts do.

This article does not aspire to profundity. Neither does it seem meet to elaborate upon the ways and means of tax eluding mentioned herein. Furthermore, there is neither the space nor the magic at the writer's command to warrant putting down all the methods resorted to. They have a mushroom quality in that they spring up in an hour.

Some of these tax-evading methods have the makings of boomerang aftermaths. For example, the tax-exempt security threatens to defeat its own end. Liberty bonds of the first issue were free of tax. The bonds of all land banks are nontaxable. Most of the tax-free bonds, however, are issued by States, counties, cities, towns, townships, villages, and such subdivisions thereof as school and sanitary districts, irrigation and fire-protection districts, and districts for anything you like.

Districts never before dreamed of were created for the sole purpose of issuing tax-exempt bonds. Now, just the moment the government was observed to be taking from one-half to three-quarters of the large incomes, banks and brokerage houses began to sing the praises of these tax exempts. It was shown that a five per cent nontaxable was equal in income deriving qualities to a twelve per cent taxable bond. Naturally, he who was compelled to pay the government three-fifths of his income from a five per cent taxable bond sold that bond and reinvested in a five per cent tax-free security.

THE result was that where in 1913, for example, the total indebtedness of the States, counties, cities, and so on down was four and a half billion, it is now upward of three times as much as that. The tax expert giving me this information gave it as his opinion that the issuance of these tax-free bonds must stop because the taxing strength or patience of the citizenry will inevitably reach its breaking point. It is up to the ordinary taxpayer to produce the money with which the interest on these bonds is to be met. The more the city, town, township, or village floats the more the taxpayer must disgorge to meet the demands of the holders of the bonds.

Generally speaking, the bondholders are the wealthy men and women who invest in large amounts. Do you see the vicious circle? The salaried man who is saving painfully to pay for his home is called upon to meet mounting tax rates because the political masters of his community have floated bond issue after bond issue.

In the minority of these issues the money was urgently needed by the community and the taxpayer has benefited. But too often the only real reason for the issue was that the money was so easy to get. In such instances the money has often been all but wasted. At best it was devoted to unprofitable, unnecessary causes. Political contractors waxed rich—and in turn invested in tax exempts.

The larger cities have self-imposed borrowing capacities. They may not issue more tax-exempt bonds than their capacity for borrowing permits. But thousands of smaller political communities have no such maximum, for the simple reason that it has never been necessary for them to have one. Some of them have already driven out a number of business enterprises because of the mounting tax rate—the result of excessive borrowing. Let this continue, say the experts, and we shall have the experience of seeing communities burst in our faces—go broke, bankrupt, and fail to meet their indebtedness because they have issued too many tax-free securities which cease to be secure.

These, then, are a few of the principal ways of him who seeks to minimize his income tax payments. There are others—dozens of them, perhaps—but the experts tell me that they are but offshoots of those mentioned here.

THE END

Broken Waters

Beginning a Story of Romance in a Tropic Setting of Bright Sun and Sparkling Seas—Adventure, Mystery, and a Struggle for a Fortune in Jewels

A man stepped over the threshold and halted.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN CRANE, known far and wide throughout the islands of Polynesia as one whose name was a synonym not merely for wealth but for a rugged integrity in his dealings with brown man and white alike, lay asleep aboard his yacht in the port of Havre, France. Suddenly he sat upright in bed. He was not only awake but instantly alert. It was the habit of years—the training of a lifetime passed amid surroundings where, as he was wont to say himself, a man had to learn to sleep awake if he wanted to awake alive.

Someone was knocking at his stateroom door.

He reached out his hand and pushed the button of the electric light switch. Under a fringe of very heavy and shaggy gray eyebrows his blue eyes, sharp and steely, blinked in the flood of light. He glanced at his watch, which always hung from the headpost of the brass bedstead when he was aboard. It was twelve minutes past three in the morning.

The knocking was repeated.

Crane had a deep bass voice—a sea voice. It racketed now through the cabin.

"I heard ye the first time!" he roared. "Come in, blast ye!"

The door opened, and a small, thin-faced man entered somewhat hesitantly. He was in decided deshabille. He had obviously pulled on a pair of trousers in haste; a steward's jacket, still unfastened, had been donned immediately over an undershirt.

"Humph!" grunted Crane. "Now, what the devil's the meaning of this, Barlon? Some of the crew in a muss ashore, I suppose! Always are the night before sailing!"

"It's nothing to do with the crew, sir," Barlon answered. "It's a visitor for you."

Crane ran his fingers through a beard that, fiery red in spots, was beginning to speckle gray in others.

"A visitor!" he ejaculated. "At twelve minutes past three in the morning!"

"I'm very sorry, sir," Barlon explained; "but it was the mate's orders—Mr. Miller's, sir. Mr. Miller said to tell you that a man had come aboard who says he must see you, sir—that it was very urgent."

"What's his name?" demanded Crane.

"I can't say, sir. Mr. Miller says the man says you'd be better satisfied if no names were mentioned, sir."

Crane's eyes narrowed, but for a moment he made no reply. Then, mentally, he shrugged his shoulders. John Crane had never refused himself to friend or enemy.

"Well, bring him along!" he ordered curtly.

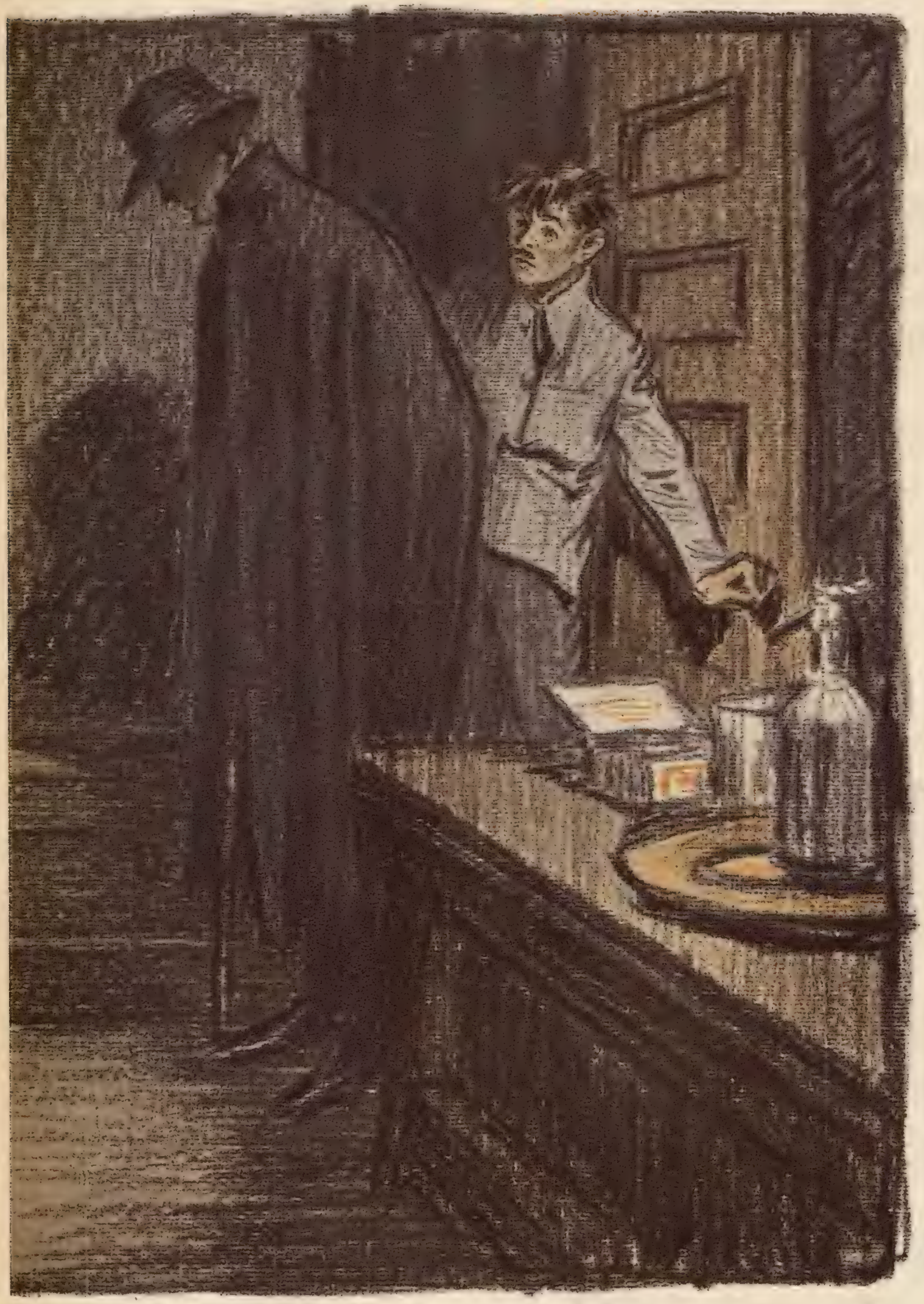
The door closed behind the steward.

John Crane stared at the door panels for a moment, meditatively; then he swung both feet out from under the covers and sat on the edge of the bed. He drew the pillow a little toward him so that, apparently, it quite inadvertently overlapped his hand. Beneath the pillow his fingers toyed with the butt of a revolver.

It was said of John Crane that he had never been caught napping.

He continued to stare at the door panels. He experienced now a sort of pleasurable curiosity in his prospective visitor. He was quite tired of civilization—a periodic condition with him—as periodic as, in turn, some months later, he would grow restless in his island home and yearn for a cruise again and a temporary par-

A New Serial by Frank L. Packard



Crane's blue eyes roved coolly over the stranger.

Pictures by
FREDERIC DORR STEELE

ticipation in the life of the great cities—London, Paris, New York.

"I'm getting old," said John Crane, suddenly, to himself. "Always looking for a kick in my drink, and always finding it harder to get. Can't say I've got one out of this cruise. Maybe here's one—but I guess not. No such luck!"

Crane nodded his head vigorously.

"Yes," he said emphatically, "this meandering around ain't good enough. I'm getting too old, and I'm glad the time has come to settle down and *educate* Donald Lane, that young nephew of mine, now that he's got his college degrees all framed! Lord, he must be twenty-four or five now—yes, twenty-five. H'm! Maybe he's got a girl picked out; if he hasn't, I'll get him one—a real honest-to-God island girl that's got the morning sunrise in her eyes; and I guess an arm chair on the veranda, with a gin and tonic, watching the beggar running the plantation, and the kids running him, and me, too, ain't such a bad prospect in the offing——"

There was a knock again upon the door.

"Come in!" Crane's deep voice rumbled.

The door opened. A man stepped over the threshold and halted. Barlon, in the rear, stood with his hand on the doorknob.

Crane's blue eyes roved coolly over the stranger. The man still wore his hat, a soft-brimmed affair, drawn well down over the eyes and forehead. From the man's shoulders hung a long black cloak; the cloak hid both of the man's hands. Crane searched his memory. There was nothing in the slightest degree familiar about the stranger. The cloak seemed to bulge slightly under the man's left arm.

"Mr. Crane?" inquired the stranger.

The man's accent was plainly English.

"John Crane's my name," Crane answered, his eyes still searching the other critically.

"It's a beastly hour to force my way in upon you," the man said in a low voice. "I owe you an apology."

"The explanation of why you're here ought to take care of that," suggested Crane.

"Yes," said the man. "Quite so! Yes—of course!" He glanced over his shoulder in the steward's direction. "Could we be alone?"

"Certain sure!" replied Crane, promptly. "Barlon, close the door—on the other side!"

The door closed.

"NOW?" invited Crane, gruffly. "Perhaps we might start with your name? The introduction has been a bit one-sided so far."

"My name is of no consequence, Mr. Crane," the other replied quietly. "However, it's Kendall." He threw his cloak back, disclosing that he was in evening attire and that the bulge under his left arm had been caused by a large package wrapped in brown paper. He laid the package on the cabin settee, placed his hat beside it, and from his pocket took out a plain, sealed envelope, which he handed to Crane.

"My credentials," he said with a faint smile.

Crane tore the envelope open and—another habit of his—glanced first at the signature. The next instant, the revolver under the pillow utterly forgotten, he favored his pajama-covered knee with a mighty thump.

"From Martin Todd!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Old Mouser, we used to call him! Why in blazes didn't you say you came from Todd in the first place?"

Kendall's face broke into an expostulatory smile.

"I think the letter will explain, Mr. Crane."

Crane glanced at the letter. It bore neither date nor address.

"Where is he?" demanded Crane, impetuously. "I haven't seen him in ten years."

"At present," said Kendall, "he's in Paris."

"Paris!" ejaculated Crane. "And I didn't know it! The last I heard of him he was in Russia."

"Yes," Kendall nodded. "So he was—all

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

Do You Envy the Health of Others?

Read these remarkable statements of what one simple food can do

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water

(just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write for a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health: Health Research Dept. G-15, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN me perform in 'Kid Boots' have any idea of the tax on my energy. After six months on Broadway, I felt my 'pep' waning and I began to fear for my health. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My doctor said 'Try it.' I did. Three cakes daily . . . Soon, darned if I didn't begin to lose that draggy feeling. Improvement was steady. Best of all, sleep was restored. Fleischmann's Yeast is part of my daily diet now—like milk."

(Eddie Cantor, New York City)

(RIGHT)

"AS OWNER AND MANAGER of a Beauty Salon, I unhesitatingly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. About five years ago I was generally run down and unable to work. I was suffering from chronic constipation, indigestion, loss of vitality, and skin eruptions. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. At the end of two months all skin eruptions had disappeared, and as if by magic I found all other troubles disappearing also. At the end of three months I was well and back at work."

(Miss Katherine Fitzgibbon, Denver, Colo.)

(MISS BRIAN, CENTER)

"AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS last winter due to overwork and faulty elimination, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes twice daily.

"In two weeks' time marked improvement was noticed. The soreness of my body disappeared, daily evacuations were established, and life took on a rosier hue. Steady improvement continued, and this past summer has been wonderful in many pleasures. I feel that I owe much of my splendid physical condition now to Fleischmann's Yeast.

"I have outlined a course in Yeast for several of my students, and in every instance the desired result—overcoming constipation—has been obtained."

(Miss Celia E. Brian, R. N., Brattleboro, Vt.)

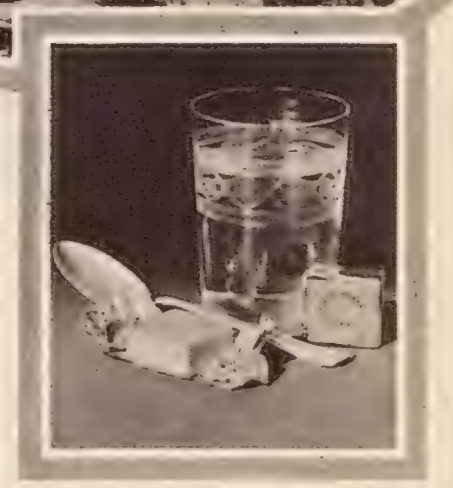
"I AM AN EX-BRITISH NAVAL MAN and have lived in Canada eighteen years. Soon after my arrival I commenced to suffer from indigestion. For days I drank water only or soup—became very irritable. Having tried almost every drug advertised for indigestion, commenced taking your now famous yeast cakes three daily. Result: No indigestion—three square meals a day, splendid appetite, and feeling as fit as a fiddle strung to concert pitch."

(Reginald J. Seymour, Edmonton, Alberta)

(LEFT)

"COMING FROM THE SCHOOLROOM in June, a tired-out teacher, I was given an opportunity to do some very interesting work for several months. I felt unable physically, but I plunged in. I began taking a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, then three cakes. In two weeks' time I felt less tired; and now at the end of four months' hard work my tired-out feeling has vanished, my complexion looks as it did when I was sixteen, and my constipation, that arch enemy of indoor people, is a thing of the past."

(Miss Caroline Barr, Chicago, Ill.)



There are many delicious ways of eating yeast — dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

through the war, and, as I daresay you know, connected with the British Secret Service."

The steel had gone out of Crane's blue eyes; they were suddenly dreamy with a far-away look.

"Martin Todd in Paris—and me here in Havre!" he said. "The one man in the world I wouldn't miss seeing! We were pals for years on the pearl beds. He fished me out from under the nose of a shark once—saved my life, and nearly lost his own doing it. In Paris, eh? I was sailing at daybreak, but that's easily fixed. I ain't in any such hurry as that."

Kendall shook his head quietly.

"If you want to be of real assistance to Todd, you won't make any change in your plans, Mr. Crane, or attempt to see him. The letter——" He paused with a suggestive smile.

"Humph!" grunted Crane; then, with a hoarse chuckle: "Yes, perhaps I *had* better read it."

The letter was on a single sheet of paper. Crane read it slowly, his brows puckering in a puzzled frown:

Dear Crane:

The friend of mine who presents this letter will make a rather strange request on my behalf. Obviously, as you will understand when he has talked to you, I cannot risk committing that request to paper. It will mean a whale of a lot, not only to me but to many others, if you come through; but I don't want you to consider it for a minute just because we've been in a few tight holes together in the past, if it's against your inclinations and your better judgment. But I think it's just the sort of thing, with a touch of spice in it, that you'll be for strong—unless you've changed like the devil in the last ten years.

One word more—and it's only fair that I risk this much on paper: I am confident that my precautions have been such that there would be neither danger nor even inconvenience to you if you decided to "sit in"; but, whichever way you decide, don't attempt to communicate with me—for both our sakes. During the last few days the stage has been reached where even my mail, I am convinced, is being tampered with. Yours,

MARTIN TODD

CHAPTER II.

JOHN CRANE laid the letter down, got out of bed, and crossed the stateroom in his bare feet. He opened the door suddenly and looked out; then, closing it again, he faced Kendall.

"If Martin Todd's in a mess," he said gruffly, "he's come to the right man. What does he want me to do?"

"To take care of that package for a little while," said Kendall, indicating the brown paper parcel on the settee.

"Take care of that package?" repeated Crane. "What is it?"

"I'll show you," replied Kendall, briefly.

He picked up the package, rapidly untied the heavy string, removed the wrapping paper, and laid the contents out on the settee.

"Good Lord A'mighty!" gasped John Crane, suddenly.

He stared, blinking, at what was before him on the settee. His jaw was slightly dropped. On a bed of snowy cotton wadding, accentuating their brilliancy and luster, lay a magnificent assortment of jewels and ornaments—embracing, it seemed to him, every precious stone he had ever heard of. They were there in the form of tiaras, pendants, bracelets, rings, earrings—all in exquisite settings; also, there was a pearl necklace which, if genuine, he appraised instantly as alone being worth a fortune.

John Crane *knew* pearls. He leaned forward, took up the necklace, and examined it critically.

"My word!" He whistled softly under his breath. "Yes, it's the real thing, right enough!"

Kendall laughed. "Of course it is!" he said. "It belongs to the Princess Ludov. But here's the complete list." He picked up a slip of paper that had been wrapped with the jewels and handed it to Crane.

Crane studied the slip, knitting his brows. It contained a list of seven Russian names; and opposite each name was indicated one or more of the articles, presumably, that comprised the assortment on the settee.

CRANE returned the necklace to its original resting place on the cotton wadding, laid the slip of paper down beside it, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I won't say you haven't given me a bit of a shock," he said, "because you have. I'm beginning to get a dim idea of what it's all about—from that list—but go ahead, Mr. Kendall, and spin the yarn."

"It won't take long," Kendall answered. "You know Martin Todd too well to make it necessary for me to tell you he's the kind of a man that's pretty loyal to his friends. He's been in Russia until a few months ago. You know what's been going on there. Any of the nobility that got off with their lives got off lucky. Confiscation of estates, property, and personal belongings was merely commonplace. Those that weren't trapped in the first place became fugitives and, in many cases, absolutely destitute. They're scattered all over the world."

"I've run across one or two myself," said Crane, a sudden quiet in his voice.

"Yes," said Kendall. "Well, those jewels there belong to that little group of people whose names you have just read, and who, in the many years Todd was in Russia, had come to form his circle of intimates. Those jewels are all they saved—and Todd saved them. He managed to get out of the country with what you see there. The details would take until daylight to tell. So far, four out of the seven on that list have reached Paris. The others haven't been heard of yet. They were all to rendezvous in Paris.

"And, now, here's the crux of the whole matter. How, I don't know; but the Soviet agents know about these jewels. Every one of the four I have mentioned is being watched, and so is Todd himself. The jewels can't be sold here, they can't be turned into money—the main thing for the moment is to get them secretly to some place where, later, they can be disposed of for the benefit of their owners."

Crane nodded his head.

"I've known Martin Todd intimately," Kendall went on; "perhaps not so long as you have, but for a good many years. I've a little bachelor apartment in Paris, and it has always been Todd's habit to stay with me on his frequent visits there. That's how I appear in the matter. In a way, I am under surveillance, too. We talked first of my taking the jewels and making a dash for it; but we gave up the idea almost at once, because any prolonged absence on my part would only transfer the particular attention of the Soviet agents to myself.

"The jewels were well hidden; we weren't afraid that they were in danger of being discovered; but the situation was becoming more and more dangerous to all concerned; and, for all the good they were, those jewels might as well have been so many pebbles.

"Our problem was to find someone who was not only willing and in a position to help us but someone in whom, at the same time, *we* could put absolute trust. We were at our wits' ends when Todd saw in the paper that your yacht was here at Havre. He was like a kid in his excitement. 'If Crane will do it, and I think he will,' he said, 'the whole Russian nation couldn't get them away from the old beggar again.'"

Crane indulged in a throaty chuckle.

"A nation's a bit more than I ever took on before, though I've stood off a native tribe or so," he said. "But that sounds like Todd. Well, go on."

"That's about all," said Kendall. "It was only necessary to draw attention away from me for a few hours. Early this evening Todd, accompanied by the four refugees, led the agents on a wild goose chase to the outskirts of Paris. Meanwhile I attended a somewhat formal dinner at a friend's house. It was quite a social event, and, therefore, entirely removed from any possible connection with this affair. After dinner there were cards and dancing. I slipped out unobserved and gained a side street several blocks away. I did not risk going near my own motor, of course, so I rented one from a garage in another part of the city—and here I am."

Crane's blue eyes snapped approval.

"Good work!" he grunted. "So you motored from Paris? You made some time."

"I did," said Kendall, grimly. "And I've got to make it in just as good time going back. I want to be seen in my usual haunts by the breakfast hour." He looked inquiringly at Crane for an instant. "Well, that's the whole story. What do you say, Mr. Crane?"

"WHY, I've already said, haven't I?" said John Crane, elevating his shaggy eyebrows in surprise. "Certain sure, I'll take 'em! And now let's get down to cases. What am I to do with 'em except keep 'em?"

"Nothing," replied Kendall. "As I understand from Todd, you live on an island somewhere in the South Seas—and the paper said you were returning there."

"Yes," said Crane; "Talimi's the name."

Kendall nodded.

"Well, nobody'll look for these jewels in the South Seas, that's certain. Todd wants you to keep them there until things clear up here and it's safe for someone to go for them."

"H'm!" said Crane, judicially. "It's a long way to come."

"Yes," Kendall agreed; "but it's not so far from Sydney, or Auckland, where they could be disposed of with no chance of trouble."

"Yes, that's so," admitted Crane. "But what about my handing them over when the time comes? It's got to be either to you or to Martin Todd, in person—is that the idea?"

Kendall shook his head.

"No; it wouldn't do to make it as hard and fast as that," he said. "We might not, either of us, be able to go—indeed, it's not likely we would. It's more than probable that when you hand the jewels over it will be to one or more of the actual owners on that list there."

"But I don't know them," objected Crane. "What about that?"

Kendall smiled.

"You can give Todd credit for this—it's simple and effective. Have you got a pen here, Mr. Crane, and a piece of paper?"

"Sure," said John Crane, jerking his head in the direction of a portable writing case.

"All right," said Kendall. "Then, just copy that list of names and jewels, keep the original

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

yourself, and give the copy to me. That copy, in your own handwriting, which could hardly be duplicated without your detecting it, will identify whoever presents it as the one to whom you are to deliver the jewels."

Crane pursed his lips.

"Yes, that's good enough—damned good, in fact; but suppose it's stolen from you in the meantime—or lost?"

"It won't be stolen," said Kendall, quietly; "but, granted that it is, what could the thief do with it? It's absolutely meaningless so far as John Crane and the Island of Talimi are concerned, isn't it? As for being lost, that is, of course, quite another matter. In that case there would be nothing for it but that Todd or myself would have to go to you."

"Right you are!" said Crane, with a whimsical smile. "I haven't got anything more to say! I guess you and Martin Todd haven't overlooked any bets." He got up, secured the writing case, and returned to the bed. "Let's have that list," he said.

Thereafter, for the space of several minutes, there was no sound in the cabin save the scratching of John Crane's pen; then he looked up and handed the slip of paper on which he had been writing, together with the original list, to Kendall.

"There you are," he said.

Kendall compared the two and placed the copy in his pocket; then he wrapped up the jewels again, tied the package, and handed it, together with the original list, to Crane.

"I'll say good-by now, Mr. Crane," he said, with a grave smile. "I'm not going to thank you, but you can be sure that you'll never turn into your bed any night after this without more than one fervent blessing being called down upon your head."

"Well," said Crane dryly, "there are some people I know of that would say I needed 'em!" He placed the package and list in one of the drawers of the stand. "I'll see that these are put safely away in the morning." He pushed the bell button and held out his hand. "Tell Martin Todd that old John Crane ain't changed any, and that Talimi ain't a bad place to visit. Savvy? Good luck to you!"

"Good Lord A'mighty!" gasped John Crane, suddenly. He stared, blinking, at what was before him. On a bed of snowy cotton wadding lay a magnificent assortment of jewels and ornaments.

"I'll tell him," said Kendall, heartily. He lowered his voice as a step sounded in the alleyway. "I would suggest that my name is Howard."

"Right!" said Crane again; and then, as Barlon appeared in the doorway, "I'll think it over, Mr. Howard, and let you know from New York. Barlon, see that Mr. Howard gets ashore all right."

"Thank you, Mr. Crane," said Kendall. "Good night, sir."

The door closed.

John Crane returned to his bed and extinguished his light. But it was a long time before he got to sleep. It was possibly on that account he arose much later than was his usual custom that morning. When he went on deck, it was to find that the yacht had been under way for several hours—and that the wireless was out of order.

CHAPTER III.

THE bungalow was perched high up on a hillside of Viti Levu, the largest island of the Fiji group—a trip of a day and a night from Talimi, the home of John Crane. Over the treetops could be seen, in the far distance, some six or seven miles away, the harbor of Suva and the open sea. Of the town itself, nestling along the ocean front, nothing was discernible save where, here and there, a tiny patch of white indicated a dwelling on Flagstaff Hill.

On the veranda a man lay stretched out in a reclining chair. He was dapper and in immaculate white. At first glance he appeared to be well on in the sixties; but there was a certain vivacity about Mr. Henry Walton, a litheness, both physical and mental, that argued that the snow-white hair and carefully trimmed white Vandyke beard and mustache had attained their color prematurely. He wore a pair of gold pince-nez with amber lenses, which gave to his eyes a nondescript color somewhere between black and brown.

On the arm of his chair stood a tumbler, at which he stared with half closed eyes and which he kept twirling rapidly with his fingers. Presently he raised the tumbler to his lips, but set it down again untasted, and, instead, rose suddenly to his feet as, from near at hand, there sounded the blast of a motor horn and, coincidentally, a dainty brown-haired vision in white appeared in the doorway of the bungalow.

Mr. Walton inspected the girl's figure critically—and a little quizzically.

"I imagine, Anne," he said, "I imagine that was Donald Lane I heard just now."

The girl smiled.

"I imagine it was, father," she answered demurely.

"And where away this afternoon?"

"Oh, just a run up in the hills," she answered. "Nowhere in particular."

"H'm!" drawled Mr. Walton. "'Nowhere in particular'!—has it got to that stage in one short week?"

Anne looked at him quickly, the faintest tinge of color dyeing her cheeks.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"My dear"—he smiled and shrugged his shoulders—"you know what I mean. You are seeing a great deal of John Crane's nephew."

"You are absurd, father," she said, a little sharply. "He has been extremely nice to me, and I like him tremendously as a friend. I have never thought of him in any other way."

"No; of course not! One never does," he murmured, "until a certain psychological moment arrives. And then——"

"And then?" She elevated her eyebrows.

"Blooey!" said Mr. Walton calmly. "That's

"I imagine, Anne," he said, "that was Donald Lane I heard just now."

American. It means—er—all manner of things. Expressive—very!"

Anne Walton's lips tightened a little.

"Since you have brought it up," she said steadily, "I'd like you to finish. You didn't do it purposelessly. Do you object to a friendship between Donald Lane and myself?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" exclaimed Mr. Walton heartily. "Personally, I am delighted. Delighted! I admire the chap immensely. But—er—I can't speak for John Crane."

"Ah!" she exclaimed sharply. "So that's it! Do you think Mr. Lane and I should carry on the family feud?"

"You could hardly call it a feud, my dear," Mr. Walton returned in mild expostulation. "I have never been a party to it, or——"

"It's a shame!" she interrupted. "You two men living as neighbors on Talimi for I don't know how many years!"

"Twelve, my dear, as you *do* know, quite well," said Mr. Walton patiently. "We settled there fourteen years ago just after your mother died when you were a child of five, and Crane came there two years later—which, to digress, makes you nineteen now. However," —as a motor car suddenly appeared at the end of the short avenue of trees that separated the bungalow from the road—"I fancy we would better postpone any discussion on that subject for the time being."

The motor car stopped, and a broad shouldered, dark-eyed young athlete, his skin tanned almost to bronze, came up the veranda steps, his white pith helmet in his hand.

"I'm afraid I'm late, Miss Walton," he said apologetically. "I'm frightfully sorry. Good afternoon, Mr. Walton."

"How are you, Lane?" returned Mr. Walton affably. "Glad to see you!"

"Thanks!" said Lane. He turned to the girl. "I'm not awfully late though, am I? And I've got a perfectly good excuse. The island boat's just in, and I thought I might be able to give you some news of the Alola."

"Right!" nodded Mr. Walton. "Well, tell us about the Alola. When do we get away for Talimi?"

"JUST about what we figured," Lane answered. "She's at Apia now; and Captain Croon sent word he'd be in Suva on the tenth—that's a week from now."

"Excellent!" applauded Mr. Walton. "That's fairly close connection! Two weeks' layover in Suva is a lot better than usual for me."

"And in more ways than one on this occasion," Anne added; "since you dislike hotels so much."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Walton readily; "that's so! It was very decent of old Jepson to turn his bungalow over to us while he was away."

Donald Lane glanced at Anne Walton.

She nodded brightly in return.

"We're off, father—to nowhere in particular," she said gayly.

"Up a bit into the hills, I think," said Lane.

Mr. Walton chuckled quietly; then, with a serious note in his voice:

"I wouldn't go too far, though. I don't like the looks of the weather. The barometer's been falling all morning like a stone dropped from a balloon, and Fiji isn't the meekest place in the world when the elements get stirred up. I remember once here in Suva when, with even the houses chained down they didn't all keep their roofs on."

Lane looked incredulous.

"Literally!" said Mr. Walton. "Chains over the roofs and pegged into the ground. You haven't been out here under the Line a great while, Lane. You'll see plenty of that sort of thing if you stay long enough."

"Well," laughed Lane, "I hope I won't see any of it today."

"I hope not," said Mr. Walton.

He resumed his seat in the reclining chair as the motor drove off. He stared now out over the treetops to the distant harbor and the endless stretch of ocean beyond it. Behind the amber-lensed pince-nez his eyes had narrowed to slits, and into his face had crept a grim, almost sinister, expression. Then suddenly he began to laugh.

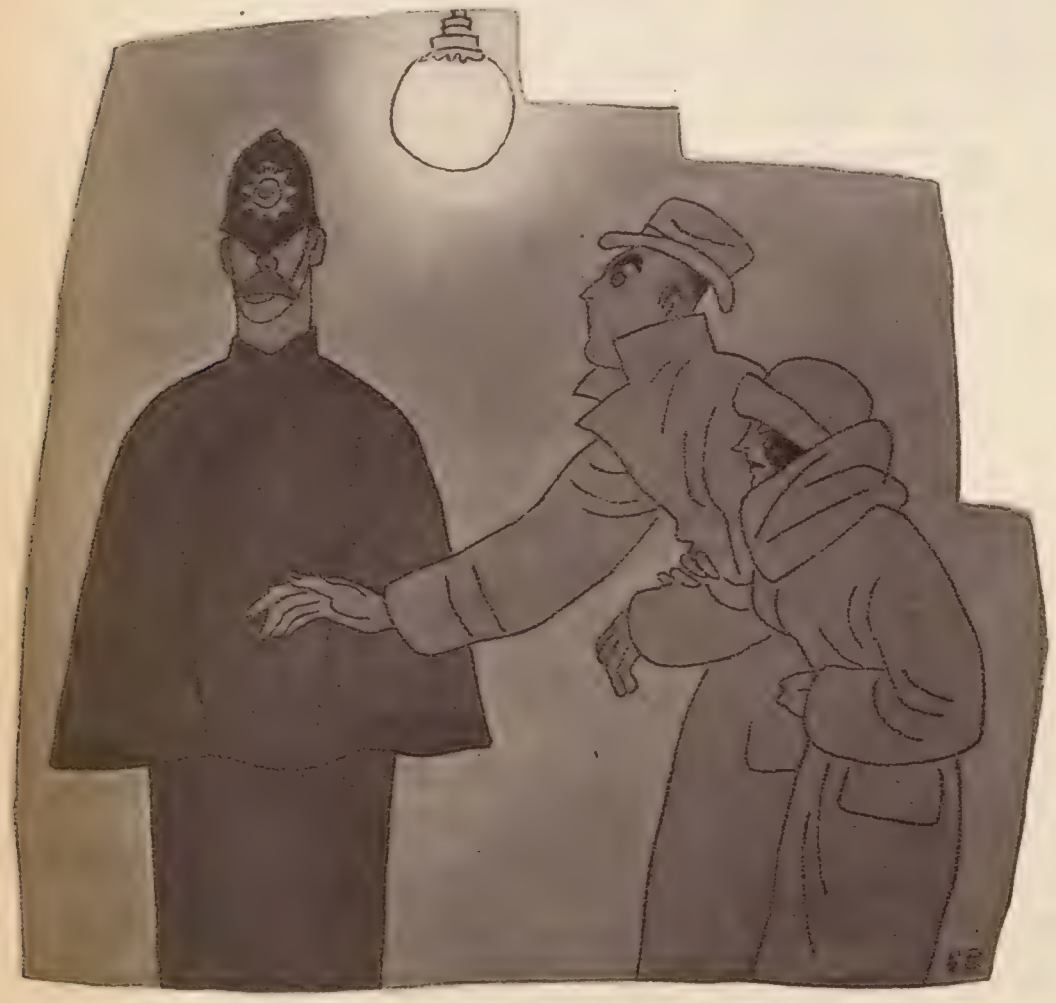
"It was rich enough as it was," said Mr. Henry Walton. "But old Crane's nephew, too! What a hell of a joke!"

Donald and Anne, setting out gayly—and a hurricane, the Terror of the Tropics, rushing toward them. . . . Never has the gallantry of young lovers, struggling against black horror, shone out more brightly than in the second installment of this gripping narrative, in next week's issue.

PARIS AGAIN *and* MERRIE

Nobody but travelers can get a drink. The result of this law is that the roads is full of boys from Galashiels walking to Lauder and boys from Lauder walking to Galashiels.

OUR SECOND visit to gay Paris just lasted a few days and the only incident worthy of enumeration was an afternoon at the Auteuil race track. That is, they call it a race track, but all the racing is done on the lawn, and it looked to me like as if they was playing follow the leader and the jockey who was ahead took whatever route he felt like, including plenty of detours.



They's an old saw to the effect that the sun never sets on the British Empire. While we was there, it never even rose.

When you see a horse race in France, you can understand why Epinard didn't clean up over here, where a horse is not supposed to turn around and go the other way if the scenery don't suit him. If Wise Counsellor and Zev raced at Auteuil, they'd be stopping every other block to ask the cop for directions.

Four of the six races was steeple-chases. We missed the first two, as the taxi man insisted on driving us somewheres else first. It took me all through the third race to find out how and where to bet, so it wasn't till the fourth that we begin to plunge.

This race took place at a quarter to fifteen o'clock as the French have it, and was a steeple-chase for gentlemen riders.

I went to the betting ring, which is run on the pari-mutuel system, and wagered a small sum on a horse called Couvet because the madam liked the name of his gentleman rider, Vicomte Foy. However, about three or four meters from the start, Couvet decided that the Vicomte was no gentleman and set him down on the greensward. Couvet kept on running, but didn't like the direction the rest of the field was taking and went his own way. He finished first, but long before the race was over.

In the fifth race they was a horse named Ypsilanti and as Ypsilanti is in Michigan, not far from Niles, he was our pick, though probably it is a she as most of the students at the Ypsilanti normal school is of the opposing gender.

Ypsi win easy and I hurried down to collect all the money in the machines only to discover that pretty near everybody else at the track had bet on him or her and it was an odds-on favorite.

We played Ibis across the board in the last race. Ibis finished third and I was kind of discouraged, but come to find out, when a horse finishes third in France, you get paid the place money along with the show money. Place means both second and third and they's no such thing as show. So all and all we left the track very happy, having cleaned up cent cinquante francs or about $8.25.

WE said a last farewell to gay Paris early one morning and set out for London by way of Calais and Dover. The channel is supposed to treat you rough, but on this occasion it was like a putting green and not even the captain of the boat was sick.

The Dover-London train was the best train I seen on the other side. It had parlor car seats with a table between every two of them and you could get tea or whatever you wanted. The madam took tea.

Arrived in London, we got in a taxi and the madam done a little screaming when she seen that we kept on the left side of the street, but I patted her hand and told her it was O. K. and soon had her quiet.

The man at the Savoy give us a room on the court instead of on the Embankment, but it seems to me like it don't make much differ-

ENGLAND *By* Ring Lardner

Part Four of the Series

THE OTHER SIDE

In Which Mr. Lardner Cleans Up $8.25 at Auteuil and Stands for a Bit of Kidding in Regard to What the Author Says Is Laughingly Called Prohibition

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

ence whether you have an inside or an outside room in a London hotel. They's an old saw to the effect that the sun never sets on the British Empire. While we was there, it never even rose.

That night we went to the Charlot Revue to see how it compared with the one that took New York by storm. It didn't. The next morning I called up a Bukovinian friend of mine named Hal O'Flaherty who is European manager for the Chicago Daily News. He had got married since the last time I seen him and wasn't quite the same, but still a perfect host. Mr. and Mrs. O'Flaherty both hail from Iowa and you may not believe it, but her home town is Oskaloosa and his is What Cheer.

Mr. O'Flaherty took us to Hyde Park to hear the soap box orators. We stood around about an hour listening to one of them who had made the same speech in the same place so many times that the audience knew it by heart and as soon as he would say the first two words of a sentence, everybody would join in the chorus and finish it up for him. He was pretty mad at somebody, but you couldn't tell who.

In the evening we seen Jack Buchanan in a musical show called Toni. Jack was great and the whole show would be all right if the gals would take their stockings home and at least rinse them.

Another show we seen in London was a vaudeville show with Frank Tinney as headliner. Frank's stuff was going over big, though it seemed to me like I had heard part of it somewheres before.

One day Sinclair Lewis called up and we made a date and he introduced us to Rebecca West. Miss West is a pretty good writer and so is Mr. Lewis. The last named wrote a book called Main Street and another book called Babbitt and they tell me that several copies was sold of each.

Other prominent Americans on the scene was Arthur Draper, Frazier Hunt and wife, and Ray Long and wife. Mrs. Long is from Gallipolis, Ohio, which is pretty near as good as Oskaloosa and What Cheer. But come to think of it, Sinclair Lewis' Sauk Center, Minnesota, ain't so bad.

During our stay in London, the local talent kidded us quite a bit in regards to what is laughingly called Prohibition. The comic papers is full of wise cracks on the same subject at the expense of America, but between you and I, they's nothing more comical in the world than some of the laws which now infests Great Britain.

For example, if you don't get married before three o'clock in the afternoon, it ain't legal.

For another example, you can't buy a drink between three o'clock and half past five. They may be some connection between these two laws, though I don't quite get it.

FOR still another example, you can't buy cigarettes, cigars, or tobacco after eight at night except in a hotel. They's a reason for this. The English cigarettes, cigars, and tobacco is such that you ought to be in hailing distance of a bed when you smoke them.

Up in Scotland, later on, we run into a couple other laws that deserves mention. One provides that you can't buy nothing of no description between Saturday morning and Monday morning. An exception is made in the case of necessary medicine, but they might as well have left out that clause as the druggists ain't going to stay open in the hopes that somebody will want ten cents' worth of corn plasters.

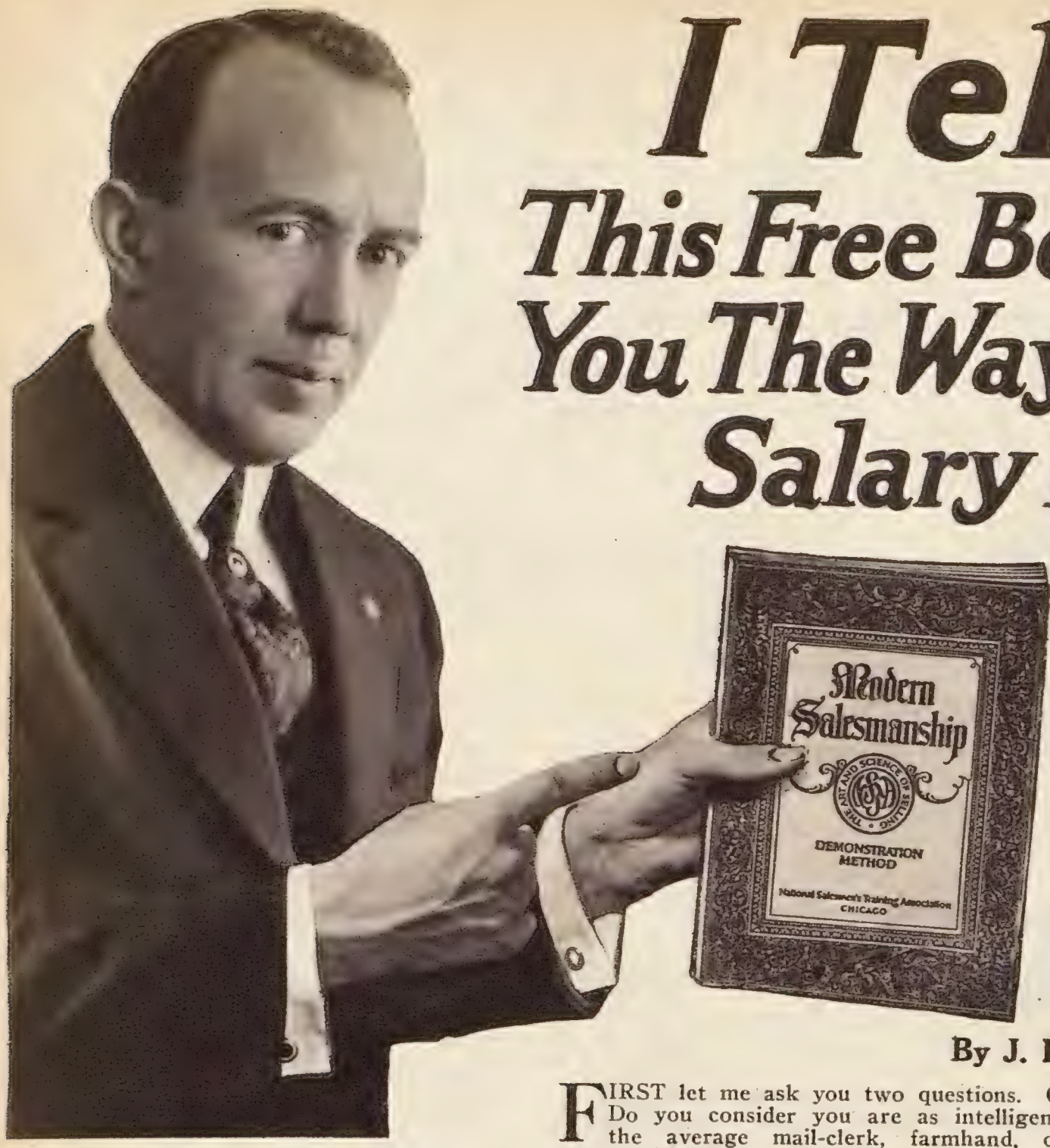
Another Scottish law says that between certain hours on certain days, nobody but travelers can get a drink. In order to be a traveler, you've got to come from at least two miles away. The result of this law is that the roads is full of boys from Galashiels walking to Lauder and boys from Lauder walking to Galashiels. When the time has expired they walk back to their home town again, but of course the walk spoils whatever start they had.

Our London friends steered us one night to Mr. Fisher's cabaret. Fisher ain't pronounced like it looks like. He is supposed to be a Russian and has another Russian place in Paris, which we had visited. It was in Mr. Fisher's that I had my first taste of vodka. And my last. But the music was great.

Well, the madam was getting kind of tired living in a fog, so we decided to hire another costly motor and drive up to Edinburgh. I will have a word or two to say about this trip when we meet again and will try not to talk in Scotch dialect.

Scotland is a bonnie land, but withal has its drawbacks, as Mr. Lardner will narrate in the fifth installment of his travelogue, to appear next week. This will complete his European chronicles.

About three or four meters from the start, Couvet decided that the Vicomte was no gentleman and set him down on the greensward.



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By J. E. GREENSLADE

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Be Your Wife's Boy Friend

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Of course, the Little Woman is usually the same one who has just had tea in the darkest tearoom in town—with a man whom most women wouldn't look at; but the husband never knows that.

Husbands Don't Need (Much) Watching Any More, but in These Changing Times It's Just as Well to Keep a Friendly Eye on the Little Woman. At Least, That's What One of Them Thinks

Picture by ALICE HARVEY

A FEW weeks ago I was asked the seemingly simple query, "Should a husband protect his wife from temptation?"

"Oh ho!" I laughed in my most high-hat manner, "what a ridiculously simple query! Why, of course a husband should protect his wife from temptation—that is, I mean, he should protect her if he knows there is a temptation—that is, I mean he should behave so nicely that she'll never know there is a temptation—that is, I mean that——" And then I floundered. I didn't know. Do you?

The subject interested me. I disguised myself as an Inquiring Reporter and went around prying into people's personal affairs, trying to find out. Oh, of course, I might have pried anyhow, but this gave me such an excellent excuse. I asked everyone I knew and a lot of people I didn't, and I discovered that those I thought I knew I didn't know at all, and that some of the perfect strangers—that is, if you feel you can call a mere stranger perfect—seemed suddenly old acquaintances.

You can get more of the Inner Life of a person by asking, "Should a husband protect his wife from temptation?" than by asking any other question I know.

There is something about a wife and temptation that suddenly starts people. There is the old-fashioned man who doesn't like to think his wife knows about Such Things and changes the subject when the Little Woman comes into the room. Of course, the Little Woman is usually the same one who has just had tea in the darkest tearoom in town (Adv.—Name on request) with a man whom most women wouldn't look at; but the husband never knows that.

Then, there is the conceited old fool who draws himself up and says something like, "I feel that my wife is perfectly satisfied—I don't believe she ever thinks of another man!" And no one has the nerve to tell him the truth, starting: "Last Wednesday at three o'clock a yellow taxi containing——"

FOR the most part, these days, women do not check their Sex Attraction at the altar, nor do they lose their powers of observation nor their pleasure in masculine society.

A woman may marry for love—and, despite all of this talk about the Calculating Female, I believe that the majority of women do marry for love—and still enjoy going around a bit with other men. If the average man were to become ill, or get into trouble, or commit a not-too-major crime, his wife probably would rather eagerly make any sacrifice for him. Yet, the same woman doesn't exactly crave spending every minute with him if he's in good health and not under arrest. Why should she?

And here temptation stalks in, just as it does in the short story or the play.

Temptation is usually a man a little less attractive than the husband, but he usually has one or more of these qualities:

A lot of spare time during business hours.

Ability and willingness to dance, if the husband is not and the wife is a good dancer.

A wistfulness and an ability to talk about his own troubles.

An unhappy love affair, probably just concluded.

A boyishness that appeals to the mother instinct, or a pseudo-cavemanlike quality that appeals to the Little Woman.

Patience and a careless desire to be liked for Himself Alone.

So, take this young man—if some other woman hasn't taken him first. He may be blond or brunette, though I believe the blonds are in the ascendancy just now, with sandy hair batting second. The young man

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meets a married woman. He is attracted to her, first, because he likes her type anyhow, and second, because she is married. He doesn't want matrimony, himself. But he doesn't mind accepting a little nest that someone else has prepared.

The average young married woman is safe enough. She's bored at home. She craves admiration and excitement and flattery. There is very little actual danger, for if she becomes too serious or if the husband shows Signs of Life, it is easy enough to be Misunderstood and to pass entirely out of the picture.

Why, in one well-known New York club for men no man is ever called to the telephone unless the operator has definitely found out who is calling and from where the call has been made. Not that all of the members have Pasts that are likely to become Presents, but they aren't taking a chance.

THE lounge lizard or teahound or Married Woman's Delight or Misses' Pet or Boy Friend—call him what you will—is a definite part of every sophisticated crowd. He is the man who takes the Dear Little Wife to the theater the night the tired husband doesn't want to go. He's the man you meet for tea or for luncheon. He is the man for whose telephone call you wait all morning, finally biting a whole dollar manicure off your nails if he hasn't phoned by twelve o'clock, when he promised to ring at ten.

From the outside he seems perfectly safe—in fact, a most convenient addition to family life. I would like to report that I believe he is. I'm compelled to admit that I don't think so.

Of course I have Boy Friends of my own, and equally, of course, in my own case the Boy Friends are perfectly harmless—harmless enough, that is. But that is mostly because I catch 'em young, allow them to appeal to my Mother Instinct, listen to their stories about how they are about to write the Great Play or the Great Novel or the Greatest Short Story, sympathize with them over their Hard Home Life, and then pass them over to other and perhaps more expert hands after they have graduated from my rather primary training school.

My Boy Friends are usually eager, penniless, handsome, and wistful—but they lack, alas, even a pleasant element of danger. I know that other women of my acquaintance have the same type of male admirers. Perhaps we pick them out through a sense of safety, because we do not want to jeopardize a very pleasant domestic life; perhaps they offer just the necessary contrast to what we get at home. I believe that Boy Friends are a good thing—IF they are harmless. And you never can tell.

There have been so many cases where the Boy Friends haven't been harmless.

I know one affair where a young married woman went Just a Step Too Far, developed a case of Conscience, which psychologists can explain simply enough, but which existed just the same and the Conscience developed into severe nervous trouble.

She is a wreck, today, and I don't think she ever will recover. The Boy Friend is married to a nice Little Woman and has settled down most comfortably. The husband knows that his wife is a nervous invalid, that his home life is a sad one, but he doesn't know why and wouldn't believe you if you told him.

I know several divorces resulting from too-affectionate Boy Friends, and though several of the women have married again they have married men quite the types of the husbands from whom they separated. Did the Boy Friends refuse to marry? I don't know, but I think so. Boy Friends aren't especially suitable as marriage partners.

The American husband is noted for his kindness and indulgence and good humor. Even in Japan he is the subject for jokes. A Japanese friend of mine brought me from Japan recently a series of Japanese postcards called "American Husband." The postcards are supposed to be most humorous—in Japan. They show an American man married to a Japanese girl and they show the man fetching and carrying things and waiting on his wife in the most approved American fashion—but in a way that a Japanese husband would never do. So—perhaps the American man is too indulgent in the matter of Boy Friends.

Years ago—just a generation ago, in fact, it was the man who was having affairs on the side, quite as his wife is doing today. Even the popular songs of a few years ago reflected this: Who Are You With Tonight?, My Wife's Gone to the Country, and I Love My Wife, but O, You Kid! being typical.

Not that the man of today doesn't stroll away from home. Oh, he does wander—but it is usually because the wife has already gone out and there is no one at home to keep him there.

There are still a few men who telephone Mazie or Roberta or Flossie when they have a night off, but they are old-fashioned men, and even the girls they are meeting are aware of the fact. For the modern woman doesn't go with her Boy Friends On the Side. On the contrary, she boasts of her conquests and her husband is usually bored listening to stories about the men who escort her to the places he does not care to attend.

THE Modern Woman's rival is not usually another woman unless she thrusts the Other Woman toward her husband by her own actions. It is not another woman—it is Business. Business is a real and definite rival. The modern man can't get away for luncheon or tea—business interferes. Of course, he can spend two hours at luncheon with a business acquaintance, or he can spend an afternoon at golf "to keep in with the right sort of men," but he laughs at teas and at the sort of parties women enjoy.

To the average man his business success is the most vital thing in his life. His wife comes second and usually pretty far behind. He not only makes no attempt to keep her out of temptation—but is almost entirely unaware that temptation could exist for her. She is HIS WIFE, a possession, as his home and his car are possessions, and he believes that she will stick around, waiting his demand.

The average man doesn't like to read. He does not like the theater with the exception of revues, musical comedies, and the lighter dramas. He knows nothing about music and rather boasts of his ignorance. He likes jazz in moderation but can't dance well, and besides, staying up late interferes with his office hours. He hates the opera and finds concerts a bore. Art, in any form, seems effeminate to him.

Only the sports—which he reads about and takes in merely as a spectator—interest him at all. Business is his great life center, occupation, and diversion.

The wife turns to the Boy Friend. Do you blame her? He reads books. He may be a bit effeminate, but he does appreciate, or at least pretends to appreciate, the arts. He enjoys the theater. He can grow enthusiastic over a symphony concert or an etching. Temptation? Certainly.

What can a wife do? Electric appliances, apartment houses, trained domestics have robbed her of the occupation of "housewife." She has a mind and she is going to use it—and her husband doesn't help her.

If the average husband were less self-centered, less absorbed in business, and less conceited, the average Boy Friend would find himself out of an Indoor Occupation. The husband's excuse—that he makes money and is interested in business in order to get money for his wife, is absolutely false, and he knows it. Let him earn enough money to support his family—and spend more time instead of money in trying to make the Little Wife happy—and he'll get far better results. A husband can keep his wife from temptation—if he wants to—and he ought to desire to do so.

The average man—that creature we have been discussing even while there is no real proof of his existence—laughs at the Boy Friend. He shouldn't laugh. He should try to drive him away—not by harsh words, which would mean even more secret meetings; not by sarcasm, which simply adds conceit to the Little Wife; but by counter attractions.

Go to the theater—you Good Business Man! Go to the plays your wife likes. Read the books she likes. Learn to dance, and then dance occasionally. Take your wife out to dinner and introduce her to interesting people.

Comment on her looks. Compliment her when she looks well—and she frequently does look well—and give her Hell, ever so politely, if she Lets Herself Go at home and dresses up only for company. In other words, make yourself a human being instead of a Good Provider.

Of course, if you don't care anything about keeping the Little Woman, that's different. The average man does want to keep up his home. He doesn't want to be laughed at. He is just conceited. He is pur-blind and doesn't realize what is going on behind his back—or on either side of him—and refuses to turn around and look. He doesn't want the Little Woman to Go Wrong nor to leave him nor to be untrue.

He just wants a good home that is run smoothly and a Little Wife to run to greet him when he comes home. He wants to be let alone. But he can't expect to be let alone today—and have a home, too.

A man must take an interest in his wife after marriage. He hasn't finished with the contract when he has paid the minister and furnished a home.

WHEN I went on my Asking Expedition with the subject of "Should a Husband Protect His Wife from Temptation?" I asked my own husband, too.

Now, my own husband, it just happens, is just one shade off perfect. If he were any better I'd have to Put a Little Something in His Coffee. He goes to the theater—when urged. He goes to dances—on occasion. He reads without being led on. He can enjoy music of a sort. I have little to complain of. And this Almost-Perfect Paragon told me:

"A husband can't protect his wife from temptation. If she is going to wander, she'll wander and he can't stop her. Nothing he can do or say will have the slightest effect on her."

So there you are! Not that I believe him—but, after all—I married the man—and, besides, nothing I've said will affect anything in the world the slightest degree, anyhow. But it's an interesting subject about which to talk to people. Try it!

THE END

WORKING *the* BIG CATS

How Death Touched a Movie Lion Trainer When the Milk-Fed Cats Changed to Fierce Jungle Beasts in Front of the Grinding Camera

By WALTER BECKWITH

WALTER BECKWITH knows lions as well as you know your best friends. He has bred them by the dozen on his animal farm near Los Angeles, trained them, studied them, and learned how to talk to them. He has "worked" vaudeville lions, motion picture lions and circus lions, and he and his wife are the owners of Jim, best known of leonine movie stars.

Walter Beckwith wrestling with Jim, in a recent film.

IT WAS not until I was twenty-five that the idea of making myself a lion trainer took hold of me. It happened in this way. I'd been practically brought up in circuses—been everything from cook-house boy and boss candy butcher to fancy swimmer with Barnum & Bailey, Ringling Brothers, Sells-Floto, and other shows. But I hadn't specialized; I'd been about equally interested in most every kind of animal.

The man who first made me want to handle and breed the great cats was Captain Jack Bonavita. I can see him yet, when I think back: handsome, well set up, with a kind of dauntless, winning way about him.

It was in Paris I first saw Captain Jack, in Frank Bostock's Hippodrome. People were calling him "the perfect man." I'll never forget the thrill of watching him stride into the steel arena and put twenty-four big-maned, snarling lions through their paces. I took deep breaths and felt the blood rush up to my head.

"That's what *I* want to do," I said to myself, "and that's the animal I want to breed."

I carried that idea in my head from that moment on. My only hope of putting it through lay, I realized, in saving money. I already had a little capital, left over from my early circus experiences, and my funds on hand made a big leap in size when I took on a half ownership in a traveling menagerie.

At last I decided I had money enough for my animal breeding venture, and got an option on eight acres of land at El Sereno, California, a suburb of Los Angeles.

I had ideas of my own about raising and working lions and was determined to try them out. To put it briefly, I thought I could domesticate the great cats to a degree never attained before, by rearing cubs, born in captivity, just like house pets. I was to be the pioneer in this and thought I could knock galley-west old notions of lion savagery. The beasts were just like dogs or horses in intelligence, I told myself, and hoped my method would bring this out.

Jim, the most famous lion in captivity, known everywhere for his work in the movies.

My first experiment along the new line was with four mountain lion cubs that a hunter brought into town in a basket after he had shot the mother. I believed I'd got hold of them young enough for them to be fresh slates on which to write my new theories, for they didn't have their eyes open, and my wife and I had to feed them with a nursing bottle, which they took to, eagerly, if we dabbed a little milk on the nipple.

"Kindness—no beating—no sight of blood"—those were my watchwords as a trainer. I'd got it into my head that a reversal of the brutal training methods then in vogue with some men—burning with hot irons and beating with iron bars—might turn my lions into purring pussies.

I'll never forget my first disillusion. It came when the cubs were ten months old and each weighed about sixty-five pounds. I was fixing a sleeping bunk in the cage when I heard my wife call: "Walter! Come, quick!" I dropped my hammer and made a dash out of the cage.

MUNCHING grass, about fifty feet away, was a pet burro of ours, and, slinking toward him on his belly, was one of our bottle-fed, kindness-reared cubs. I raced toward him. Too late. Just as if he'd been doing it for years, that cub jumped on the burro's shoulder, hung on to the mane with one paw and reached for the animal's nose with the other. Then he jerked the nose back, just as a cowboy would bulldog a steer.

Next thing I knew, the burro was on the ground and the little devil, with bared teeth, was going right after the jugular vein. I hit him with a small club, and knocked him loose, but he was up and on the burro again before I could grab him. He was out for blood, that kindness-reared cub!

I had to stun him, partially, before I could get hold of his tail with one hand and the back of his head with the other. Finally, I carried him to the cage, tossed him in before he came

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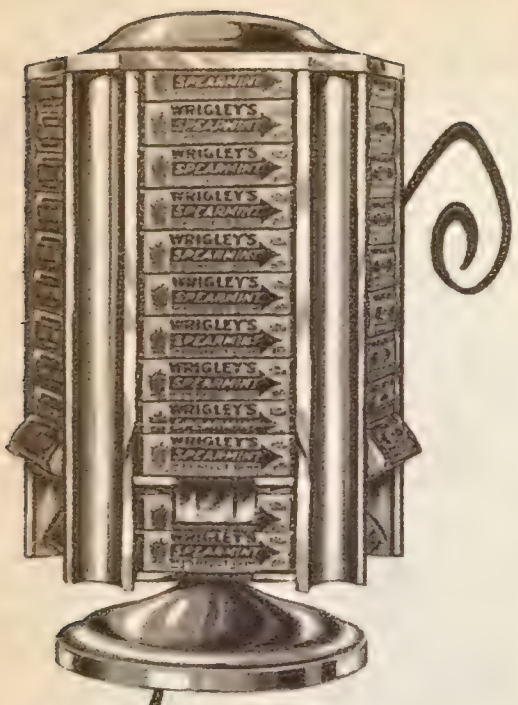

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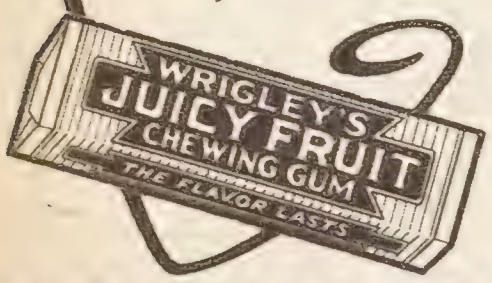

WRIGLEY'S

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

"after every meal"

The Flavor Lasts!

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

to, and locked the barred door.

Then I did some hard thinking. This baby had had the best of care, never been struck, had never wanted for food. Still, it seemed pretty conclusively proved that he was just as much a hell-cat as if he'd never been treated like a house pet.

I tried to figure out how the devil an animal reared as he had been and weighing only sixty-five pounds knew exactly how to attack an animal weighing four hundred. His method of attack was the only possible way he could have thrown the burro, so much heavier than he. It was inherited instinct, I concluded, and no amount of kindness could coax it out of him.

Still, I didn't give up. After selling the mountain lions to the Selig zoo, in Los Angeles, I decided to try the same method on African lion cubs.

Soon I had them hopping around, minding me so sweetly that I began to feel quite puffed up about the success of my theories. Anybody could see, with half an eye, that the cubs were far more intelligent than their jungle-bred parents. I had taught each to know his name; they would take meat from my mouth and lay their paws on my shoulder, at command. Instead of snarling when I came near, they'd follow me like pets, and in the morning, when full of buck, would play tag and follow-the-leader with me. I was not only their master, but a playfellow, too, and began to compare them favorably to a man and his collie dogs.

It was a proud day for me, when, at last, my oldest scholars reached the age of two and a half years—mature enough for breeding—without "going bad." The males, at this time, weighed about three hundred pounds each and the females two hundred and twenty-five. In all, there were five in this group.

The morning that was to bring my second disillusion started uneventfully. I was working with this group of five in my big cage, making them leap to their pedestals at the word of command. So far as I could see, they were as calm, as sweet tempered as they'd ever been.

THEN, suddenly, without any apparent reason, a terrific fight started among the three males. Peaceful one minute, the next they were snarling, clawing, leaping demons—gone back to jungle ways at one stride. In those few seconds, the careful training of years went to smash.

But I had no time to think about wrecked theories. Five thousand dollars' worth of fine animal stock was trying to chew itself to pieces. I grabbed up a four-legged stool and shoved it at their noses. I shouted, raved, pulled at hides and manes, so worked up I never thought of my own danger. How I ever got those beasts apart, the Lord only knows. When I finally did succeed, Utah, the biggest of the males, turned on me.

That was a moment that called for some quick thinking. Utah paid absolutely no attention when I yelled: "Down, Utah! Down!" He just lowered his head and came for me. I grabbed up the stool that I'd been using and met his charge by jabbing the four legs at his nose.

Now, there is something about a four-legged chair, or stool, used as a shield, that puzzles and baffles a cat animal. That's why all trainers now rely on them. The beasts expect to get their teeth and claws into flesh, and, instead, run into four wooden bars. They try to chew up the queer, hard little enemy and, for a minute, forget the big two-legged enemy. This gives the trainer a chance to plan his next move. With my stool, I got Utah under control, at the cost of a torn hand and one lost trouser leg.

When the three animals were back in their cages I sat down, and while my wife bandaged my hand, I readjusted a few preconceived ideas. Kindness, careful training, I admitted to myself, hadn't kept jungle instincts from flaming out, either in the case of the mountain lions or that of the African lions. I decided to give up the domestication idea, and try what breeding for intelligence would do.

CHOOSING the best of my stock for mating purposes, I found that, by the time the fourth generation was reached—after about nine years—there was a striking increase in mental development. The animals learned their tricks in a much shorter time—were generally more alert and responsive. But—and this is a point worth driving home—the fourth generation had shown no improvement over the third.

This seemed to me pretty conclusive proof that there is a limit to the development of a jungle animal's brain power—all the more conclusive because, judging from my own experience with various members of the cat family, the lion ranks first in intelligence. I'd rather work a lion than a tiger, any day. A tiger is more feline, more sneaky, and has an ugly habit of crouching low, belly close to the ground, and springing on you.

This same feline streak makes leopards the tricky cats they are. Witness the recent tragic death of Dolly Hill, who was perhaps the foremost woman leopard trainer in the world. If anybody knew leopards, she knew them—yet her long experience with them did not avail her when a new animal she was breaking in suddenly turned into a murderous fiend.

By this time I had thirty-two lions, of all sizes and ages. They were costing such a lot that I realized I'd either have to sell some of them or figure out a way to make them earn expenses. Luckily, those were the years when the movies were beginning to spread right out over the whole country, and into the Main Street of every Apple Gap and Gopher Prairie. I got the idea that lions would be something new in the way of motion picture actors, made a canvass and found them in demand by a number of studios.

FINALLY I accepted the best of the engagements offered me, and took six big males over to the lot where they were to shoot the picture. The film was intended as a humanitarian plea against the taking of human life. The brutality of the idea was to be brought out by various historic scenes, and my lions were "needed to eat Christian martyrs in an elaborately constructed Colosseum at Rome."

I had hard work to persuade the director to let me double for the star in the big scene. I told him I was the best fake martyr in the business, but that the lions would make a real martyr out of that star as soon as look at him.

We rehearsed the big scene over and over, relying, mostly, on Jim, the biggest lion, for dramatic effect. Jim was a full-maned, heavy animal, with a splendid head. My wife had bought him when he was only a few days old, for three hundred and fifty dollars. Jim had always seemed unusually gentle, but we didn't realize, in those days, what a lion prodigy he was.

Again and again we tackled the scene. I had taught Jim to come bounding out into the arena. I would be standing, made up in a long cloak, with a cross in my hand. As he came on, I would raise my eyes to heaven and kiss the cross.

Then he would jump on me, and we would go down together, roll over and over on the sand and come to a stop with him partly on top of me. I had taught the five other lions to pile up on us, and then the camera man would stop grinding, my assistant would yell, and the six cats would get up and back away.

It may help to explain what happened later if I state that I made the mistake of not wearing my cloak and wig at rehearsals. Instead, I always put on my working clothes.

Well, the day of the "shooting" came. I remember that I never felt less jumpy in my life. I hadn't a doubt about the way the big cats would act. But, as usual, I had stationed my assistant just outside the gate, with a pistol loaded with blanks. He was to shoot quickly and point blank if the brutes got me pinned in a helpless position.

When all was set and the camera

man was grinding away, Jim bounded into the sunshine, bent on blood, apparently, and the five others after him, one by one. I remember thinking, just before he leaped, what a movie it would make! Then Jim was on me, and we were rolling over.

When the other lions had piled up on us, I began to count: "One, two, three, four, five." I always did this to reassure myself that everything was all right. By "five" all six of them were always off me.

Well, I counted as usual, but at "five" the beasts were still on top of me. I went on: "Six—seven—eight—nine—ten." The load was still there. I went sick all over as it shot through me: "Something's wrong!" But, next moment, I felt Jim heave himself up, as if he was shoving the other lions away, and back off.

"Good old Jimmie boy," I said, and was just going to get up, when those five other cats were back on me, snarling and clawing. They smelled that "property" costume and wanted to get their teeth into it!

DOWN I went, and my head hit the sand. Fighting desperately to shield my face and eyes, I tried to yell to my assistant, but just then a lot of soft, smelly mane came pressing down and half choked me.

"I'm a goner," I said to myself, and that same second I felt a claw tear at my hair, just like a red-hot wire burning me. My head was clear of the mane by this time, and I could feel the warm blood running down over my face.

I've a kind of memory of trying to struggle to my feet again, and not being able to. The weight was terrific. The growling and snarling got louder, the lion smell was in my nose, and my mouth was full of long hairs, from their manes. My brain was going buzzy and foggy, and things were getting blurred.

Then everything cleared up, gradually. I could breathe deep again, and, for a wonder, there wasn't a single ounce of lion on top of me. I heard voices and looked up, and there was my wife, bending over, and the director, and both of them looked scared and white. When I staggered to my feet, my wife had to lead me, for I was blinded by the blood.

I found out, afterward, what had happened when the scene went wrong. My assistant, instead of running to my rescue, had stood stock-still, when he saw the cats clawing and growling over me, but in the nick of time, my wife had grabbed the revolver out of his hand. Being a lion tamer herself, she knew just what to do.

Rushing into the arena, she had fired off the five blanks, one right after another, within an inch or two of the lions' noses. The noise had scared them, the powder had burned their muzzles, and they had leaped up and away.

The picture the camera man got of that scene was used all right, and the movie was a hummer. It ought to have been!

One lion out of the six in the arena scene had proved trustworthy, however, and a splendid actor, and that was Jim. I decided to do some experimenting with him, alone. It was that subsequent work with him that proved to me, conclusively, that in Jim I had something unique among lions. He was the kind of cat animal I'd hoped, all along, to breed—and had been unable to—the kind of cat who's so sensitive that you can actually hurt him by bawling him out.

In his case, though, we hadn't bred him, but, as I said, had got hold of him as a cub. Anyway, he was, and still is, at fourteen years old, the only lion I know which can be trusted out of a steel arena. On the stage of a theater, in a bedroom—anywhere and everywhere—he stays a perfect gentleman. Now and again he has shown a tendency to "go bad" and turn to just an ordinary lion. Then, as animal experts were saying, "I told you so," he has got himself in hand, and remembered his manners.

Lions have to be trained from their earliest youth. Here is a bright pupil, five months old, wondering what's going to happen.

In the next engagement I took on I didn't use Jim. Afterward I regretted that I hadn't.

THE scene was supposed to take place on a raft, three miles off shore, in the Pacific Ocean. A big male lion and I, adrift on the raft, were to be the sole survivors from a plague ship. This raft, according to the "continuity," was carried, by wind and waves, close to another hard luck vessel—one which had been partly burned. All had deserted this second ship, in lifeboats, but one half-crazed sailor, whom I took aboard the raft. Instead of being properly grateful, he straightway began to torment the lion, which was cooped up in a big wooden box. Whereupon, according to the directions, I was to open the door of the box and let the beast devour him.

Now, it is easy to make a lion devour a castaway—in scenario directions. But not so easy for the trainer of motion picture lions, who has guaranteed everyone's personal safety.

I finally persuaded the director to change the scene, and to let my assistant jump overboard a second after I turned the lion loose.

There was a particular reason, in this case, why I didn't want to risk having the lion and the man on board the same raft. I had been told on several occasions that that lion had turned queer when my assistant was near him. If there was anything eccentric about the beast, I wanted the man deep in the water by the time the lion had been turned loose. I was banking on the fact that there isn't a beast in the whole menagerie that hates water more than a lion.

Well, one dazzling, sunshiny day we took the male out to do his stuff. Just as I was about to pull the door up and let him out, I took a good look at him. He was watching the assistant, and it didn't take me more than three seconds to realize just what his "queerness" was. It was sheer blind hatred. I could see it in the way he glared, and the way the tip of his tail twitched.

I hesitated just a moment. Should I let him loose? It was the thought of how lions detest water and the sight of my assistant, near the edge and ready for his dive, that made me jerk up the cage door.

OUT leaped the cat, and *splash*, into the water went the man. Then something strange happened that made the next few seconds hell for me.

The lion crossed the raft at one bound and took a beautiful, headforemost dive, down after my assistant. I remember that one of the supers started cursing, but I couldn't get a sound out of my throat. I thought the man was done for, if he was up against that kind of a cat—a cat that hated him so he'd actually dive into the ocean after him.

When the lion came up, I felt like ripping out a cheer, I was so relieved. I never saw such a sick looking beast. His eyes seemed glued together, his mane was plastered down, making him look half his natural size. His mouth was wide open, he was coughing and choking, and trying to roar, but making a bad job of it. Finally he got his forefeet on the raft. I took hold of his mane, made the guttural, gulping noise that means "Let's be friends," in lion talk, and helped him on board. A minute or two afterward he was back in his transportation box.

I found out, later on, that the assistant had been teasing him—poking him, to make him stand up in his cage, in order to show off before friends, probably. The beast got even, though, by giving him the scare of his life.

A question often asked me is, "How do you train a lion so he'll let you put your head into his mouth?"

Now, I'll admit that when you first see that stunt done you catch your breath and wonder why the beast doesn't take the bite offered him, so to speak, on a silver platter. Few people would be apt to guess the method of training, which is as follows:

Into the animal's jaws is forced a stick, and it's left there long enough for him to get it thoroughly into his brain that to close his mouth won't be a comfortable experience. This is done again and again, and always the trainer pulls his mouth open with just the same movement: a movement that gets linked up, in the lion's consciousness, with the fact that when his mouth is opened in just that way, he mustn't shut it. It's then a simple matter for the trainer to stick his head in and defy the big fangs without too much danger.

One of the toughest predicaments I ever

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Double Your Money in 10 Years

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

found myself in was the result of an accident. I was working Jim at a State fair before a gathering of about forty thousand people, and was going through an act I'd performed, successfully, hundreds of times before. This stunt which, I admit, is ticklish, was the feeding of strips of raw beef to Jim from my lips.

That must have been my unlucky day. The lion made a grab, and not only got the meat but got me, too.

All I could tell was that he had me by the face. Just what part of my face was in his jaws I could not tell, since the tugging was tremendous and the pain terrific. I could see Jim's enormous face, close against mine, and one big, glaring eye.

He was, I suppose, wondering why I didn't let go of the beef, as usual.

The spectators, meanwhile, hadn't a notion I was in trouble. All they saw was a trainer and a lion, the man bent double, and the lion pulling and tugging him along—both apparently having a grand, dramatic struggle for the piece of meat. After two or three turns around the arena, every hand in the place was clapping. Here was something new in the way of stunts! And I in agony all the time.

IT'S hard to describe what my feelings were as I followed Jim around, trying to release his hold, and he shaking his head, puzzled to know why I didn't let go of the strip. I was trying my hardest to keep cool, but was getting desperate. Even after he'd pulled me around for about three turns of the arena, I didn't know whether he had the whole upper part of my face in his jaws. And, all that time, I was trying to make friendly, gulpy noises and was saying soothingly:

"All right, Jimmie—that's a good boy—that's a good boy."

At last, in spite of the pain, I had a flash of common sense, and raised my hand to my face. It seemed to me that Jim's tusk had pierced only my nose, and I decided to try and break the hold. So I jerked back—and found myself a free man. A few first aid stitches by a surgeon were enough to bind the tear. But I'd lived through some terrible moments.

As a wind-up, I'd like to say I don't recommend the job of lion trainer in the movies to anyone who's jumpy. I've sometimes gone home, after supervising a hilarious comedy, as limp as a rag. But afterward, seeing that comedy on the screen, I've chuckled when all the rest roared, and said to myself:

"It was hell to make, but it's bringing good laughs to thousands."

THE END

Don't torture your complexion with harsh treatment

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TRUB'S DIARY

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Chapter Thirteen:

Toodles Meets a Cat

In Which It Is Clearly Shown That the Festive Feline Knows the Difference Between a Bull Pup and a Toy Pekingese

Picture by ROBERT L. DICKEY

The cat was making its feet go in a quick way. Toodles was making the noises I had heard.

MARCH 2. Something has come between Toodles and me. I don't know what it is. He won't look in my direction. He just lies in Miss Kendle's lap. When I say something to him he doesn't even sniff. It happened like this:

Miss Kendle and the gray-haired man went away in an automobile. Toodles didn't go. He was having some crackers and cream. The dining room girl was giving it to him. That's what he eats—crackers and cream. Imagine!

When the front door closed he came into the hall. He came in a big hurry. There was cream on his nose. He said, "Where is Muvver?"

I tried to lick the cream off his nose. I couldn't. He didn't stand still long enough. He kept running from one room to another. He said, "She's not here! Oh, my God, she's left me behind!"

I said, "Stand still a minute—there's some cream on your nose."

He said, "What do I care—she's left me behind!" He licked the cream off himself. He lay down by the front door. He began to cry.

Flips came into the hall. So did The Molecule.

The Molecule said, "What's wrong with the pen wiper?"

Flips said, "Dacia Kendle has gone without him."

The Molecule held up two fingers close together. He said, "He and I are like that. Where's she gone?"

Flips said, "She went for a drive with Freddie."

The Molecule said, "As usual."

Flips said, "Don't be a nut. How can he approve unless he knows her?"

The Molecule said, "Having heard you in respectful silence, I now repeat—as usual."

Flips said, "She's going to be with you all evening at the Country Club, isn't she?"

The Molecule said, "The cheering thought has already occurred to me. What makes your paws so filthy?"

Flips said, "William was showing me how to put on a tire."

The Molecule said, "With a gentle smile, he replied, 'anything in trousers.'"

Flips said, "You're a liar! A nasty, sneaky little liar!"

The Molecule said, "Flips is mad and I'm sad and I know what'll please her. A dirty tire to make her perspire and a fair-haired chauffeur to squeeze her."

Flips said, "If you ever speak to me again I'll—I'll spit in your face."

The Molecule said, "Tut, tut, my dear countess!"

Flips stamped her foot. She jumped up and down. She made her fingers go in front of The Molecule's face. She said, "I'd like to scratch your eyes out. You—you——"

She went upstairs in a quick way.

The Molecule went into the living room.

Toodles had stopped crying. He just lay by the door and sniffed.

I said, "Say, listen! Now would be a good time to chase cats."

Toodles said, "Have you no respect for grief?"

I said, "One cat—and you'll forget it."

Toodles stopped sniffling. He looked at me in a strange way. He said, "Mud puddles!"

I said, "I don't get you."

Toodles said, "How do we get out of here?"

I said, "Watch me!" I scratched on the front door—good, long scratches. Saki came in a quick way. He opened the door. Toodles and I went out. I said, "Simple when you know how!"

Toodles said, "But it made marks all down the door!"

I said, "That's what does it. He'll try to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

4 out of 5

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

rub them off with something in a bottle."

Toodles said, "Where is a mud puddle?"

I said, "We're not looking for mud puddles—we're looking for cats."

Toodles said, "First—mud puddles!"

I said, "What for?"

Toodles said, "You'll see!"

We found a mud puddle. Toodles walked into it. He lay down in it. He rolled over in it.

I said, "What's the big idea?"

Toodles said, "I'll show her! Where is a muddier one?"

I said, "We'll see plenty. Just look for cats." We did.

I saw the first cat. It was a small cat. It had a ribbon on its neck. A girl was with it. She was a small girl. They were sitting on the steps of a house.

I showed the cat to Toodles. I said, "Are you ready?"

Toodles said, "Ready for what?"

I said, "Ready to chase the cat!"

Toodles said, "Where do we chase it?"

I said, "Up a tree."

Toodles said, "What for?"

I said, "Then you drink the cat's milk."

Toodles said, "I don't like milk—only cream."

I said, "Are you going to stand there and argue all day?"

Toodles said, "No, I'm going to find more mud puddles."

I said, "Wait till I chase this cat."

Toodles said, "All right, but hurry."

I said, "Watch me and you'll get the idea."

I WENT toward the cat in a very quick way. The cat did not go up a tree. The small girl picked it up. She said, "Go way from here, you nasty dog!"

I barked. The small girl went in the house with the cat. She had dropped something on the steps when she picked the cat up. Guess what it was? A piece of chocolate cake! I ate the cake and went back to Toodles.

Toodles said, "What were you eating just now?"

I said, "Cake."

Toodles said, "What kind of cake?"

I said, "Chocolate cake."

Toodles said, "I'm rather fond of chocolate cake. You told me milk."

I said, "Sometimes it's one thing and sometimes another."

Toodles said, "There's more in this than I thought."

I said, "You'll be wild about it in no time."

We found cats in the very next yard. Two of them. One was a black and white cat. It was sitting on a cellar door. The other was a yellow cat. It was sitting on a pile of wood. I said, "You take the yellow one."

Toodles said, "I'm beginning to like this. It gives one a feeling of power—if you know what I mean. Where do I take him?"

I said, "Just go for him lickity split. Don't bark till he starts to run."

I went for the black and white cat. He went off the cellar door very fast. We went around the house in a quick way. The cat went under a fence. I tried to go under the fence. My collar caught on the fence. Before it came loose the cat got away. Then I heard noises.

I listened. I had never heard such noises. I ran back around the house.

THE yellow cat was not on the woodpile. It was not up a tree. It was playing a game with Toodles. They were rolling around everywhere. The cat was making its feet go in a quick way. Toodles was making the noises I had heard.

A man came out of the house. He said, "Scat, you!"

The cat went up on the pile of wood. The man looked at Toodles. He said, "The bell was all that saved you, Kid." He laughed. He went back in the house.

Toodles began to run. He ran out of the yard. He ran down the road. He was still making noises.

I ran after him. I said, "You're not supposed to play with cats. Just chase them up a tree."

Toodles stopped running. He stopped making noises. You would never have known him. The mud puddles and the game with the cat had done it. He gave me a look. It was not a kind look. He said, "Chocolate cake!" He hasn't spoken to me since.

When we got home Miss Kendle was there. When she saw Toodles she screamed. She said, "Muvver's darling, precious angel! What's happened to him, Bobby?"

The Molecule came and looked at Toodles. He said, "Let us approach our problem in the proper manner. Let us summon deduction to our aid. You'll observe here five parallel abrasions on what, I presume, you call his nose. Now, note a similar condition on the outer surface of the aural flap, or ear. Let the eye rest for a moment on the distressing appearance of the entire fuzz or fur. Having tabulated our data, and established our premise, we now come to our conclusion: He tried to lick a rabbit."

Miss Kendle said, "You may think this is the time to be funny—I don't." She took Toodles and went upstairs.

Trub will continue his narrative of life in the Trescott household in the fourteenth chapter of his Diary, to appear in an early issue.

THE Story of a Game of Golf, with Appendicitis and Biliary Colic as Side Bets, and the Victim Waiting at the Hospital for the Outcome

By FRANK CONDON

They threw their clubs away and spoke disrespectfully to each other.

POOR OLD PETE

Pictures by TONY SARG

I.

AMONG the uninteresting news items printed in our local paper recently was the brief announcement that Dr. George Lorber intended to play Dr. Clarence Cheff eighteen holes of golf in the near future to determine definitely which was the better man; and that the better man would later on play Pete Boyle eighteen holes, both events to occur at the San Jacinto Country Club course, Marquis of Queensbury rules and no hitting in the clinches.

The bald statement of predetermined intention was all that appeared in the public print, and its news value was slight, if any, because these three gentlemen contest with each other frequently. There is really quite a bit more to the story. Certain facts cluster behind that simple announcement, and the newspaper simply overlooked them.

Publishing the news item in that form is about the same as it would be to print that a strange man was noticed today running along our main thoroughfare, and say nothing about the further fact that six policemen were running after him, firing sawed off shotguns, and that the strange man had just finished killing his wife and four children with a meat ax, subsequently setting fire to his home.

To get at the gloomy details it is necessary to know something of Doctors Lorber and Cheff, along with Pete Boyle, who happens to be president of the Boyle Lumber Company of Alhambra and is also vice president of the San Jacinto Country Club.

Pete began gathering in the goods of this world when four years old. He owns a rubber tire company, an orange grove, and two dozen oil wells, all more or less moist, so he is in a position to play golf any time he feels like it. Lorber and Cheff play Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, and Pete plays against them, taking as his partner any convenient member who can guarantee an eighty-five or better.

At one o'clock every Thursday afternoon the pea green sedan of Doctor Cheff roars into the grounds and the medical profession tumbles out and hurries into the locker room. Cheff and Lorber are boon companions and have been for twenty years, and are, in fact, quite fond of each other and would go to instant war in each other's defense, but a stranger, listening to them, would conclude otherwise.

They have fished and hunted and played golf together since Admiral Dewey walked timidly into a barber shop and had his first shave. They quarrel continuously both day and night, at work or at play, in sickness or health. When not otherwise engaged they surge, in a high-class, private surgery of their own, and in septic circles they are regarded as the two leading experts of southern California.

For some fifteen years Cud Cheff and Dutch Lorber have been slicing away at the human frame with excellent effect upon the general health of the community, and the detailed mechanism of the American citizen is to them an open book. As slicers they have no equals, either on the golf course or in their own private hospital, which is a red brick building that looks like a cross between an old time church and Hook and Ladder Station Number One.

Whenever a prominent California citizen comes down hard with some intricate ailment that defies the home doctor with the whiskers, and only an operation will save him, he is placed in a fast ambulance and rushed to the Lorber-Cheff hospital on West End Avenue and messengers are sent after the two experts.

Cud and Dutch work as a unit, and at the San Jacinto Club they are sometimes called the Siamese Twins. Professionally their manner is perfection itself and beyond criticism, but in their private lives, and particularly while they are golfing, I regret to say the surgeons are addicted to the use of strong language, and when I say strong language I don't mean medium language. I mean, roughly, the kind you formerly heard on a dark night when passing a saloon in the district of the docks, wherein four powerful bartenders were trying to eject a longshoreman who had announced his intention of taking the building away with him, brick by brick.

It must have been that when they were both young some evil-minded creature told them they would have to learn how to swear if they wished to be a success in life, so they learned. They know words that have never been printed

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in any language, and strange women who stray out to San Jacinto are skillfully led away behind the trees by the caddy master until the medical foursome is out of earshot.

Cud and Dutch play golf steadily and persistently, shooting between eighty and ninety when on their game, and they play always as a team, against any other two strong men who can stand the racket. Pete Boyle doesn't mind either noise or profanity, so he is generally one of the other two.

Strangely enough, while Cheff and Lorber unite to contest with the rest of us, and invariably wager with anybody in the club who wishes to wager, they also keep up their own time-honored quarrel and play against each other while at the same time they battle the enemy. While they are friends, which is usually from the first tee to the first green, Cheff calls Lorber "Dutch" and Lorber calls Cheff "Cud." After that the names change and can no longer be printed.

THEIR usual bets against each other are a dollar a hole and five dollars three ways—out, in, and on—and when the Thursday foursome is in action it is referred to in the clubhouse as the so-and-so-sos, which translates into an expression rarely heard in a young ladies' finishing school.

In his moments of bitterest annoyance, and when he is at the top of his sarcasm, Doctor Cheff speaks to Dutch as Doctor Lorber, and at no other time. He never uses the "Doctor" until a situation is unbearable and ordinary profanity has lost its edge. It goes like this, say, on the tenth hole, which is a wicked thing, after Doctor Lorber has blundered luckily from grief to success on the green.

"Well, Doctor," Cud will remark, with cutting politeness and smiling a stony smile, "I see you got yourself out of the trees in one shot and drove on the green in two, whereas you should have been there in seven or eight, seeing that you hit every tree between here and Seattle, Washington. And you holed out a long putt after getting there. Nice work, Doctor, and you're very lucky, considering that you've been clean off the course for the last twenty minutes. Pretty, Doctor, pretty."

Of course, all this painful politeness fools nobody, including Dutch Lorber. It simply means that Doc Cheff has lost three or four dollars in as many minutes, and that if sound of the human voice could slay a man Doc Lorber would die then and there leaning on his niblick.

Dutch is taller than Cud, and just a trifle more repressed, but his mastery of biting sarcasm gives him a slight advantage, although Cheff can outswear his partner and can be heard farther on a windy day. We often wonder how he behaves in his hospital when he drops something and there are ladies present, as often happens. I once asked Dutch about it.

"Does he talk that way when he's working?" I inquired, listening with admiration to Cud, who had just hooked two new balls into the property adjoining our course, which happens to be an impenetrable and fenced orange grove.

"Compared with the way he sometimes discusses a case," said Doc Lorber, "he is now practically speechless."

A strange feature of the thing is that neither of the eminent sawbones looks like a doctor. Cud Cheff is about fifty, partly bald and ruddy, with a protruding jaw, and resembles the captain of a New England whaling vessel. Dutch seems more like an automobile salesman or the Uncle John who tells little children bedtime stories over the radio.

IT falls to me frequently to play with Pete Boyle against the surgical profession, and, as I enjoy George Lorber's confidence to an astonishing extent, I happen to know just why he and Cud are going to play these eighteen holes, the winner to play Pete. Many times this spring Pete and I have brought great misery to the genial doctors by our superior putting and better knowledge of the game.

We never do get all the way around San Jacinto without interruption. Usually it is a small boy on a bicycle, waving a bit of paper, with word from the hospital that some rich lady's temperature has just passed one hundred and four and what had they better do about it? This distressing thing happened a short time ago and ruined a sunny afternoon for Doc Cheff.

A tight match was in progress and Pete and I were going along smoothly with pars or thereabouts for both of us on the first five holes and the two comrades doing about the same. The sixth hole at San Jacinto always means trouble for me, and without the slightest hesitation I pulled a midiron shot into a sand pit

He indicated a precise spot upon the helpless anatomy of poor old Pete.

and began digging out. Pete went into the trees with his drive and we lost the hole. Messrs. Cheff and Lorber gloated as we stepped up to the seventh tee two points behind. Tommy Headrick, our faithful caddy master, jogged up on his bicycle and handed Doc Cheff a note, which he read in grim silence.

"There," he said. "What do you think of that?"

He handed the paper to Dutch, who read it and said, "I told you her temperature would come up this afternoon."

"You did, did you? Tommy, call them up at the hospital and tell them to give her an alcohol bath and say I'll be there in an hour or so."

"Doggone the luck," said Doc Cheff, wiping the mud from his ball.

He stepped to the tee, fixed the little pile of sand neatly, nestled the ball upon its apex, and whaled it out of bounds. The air immediately became blue.

From that psychological instant Pete and I had a Roman holiday with the doctors and their anguish was pitiful to behold. They did everything to the innocent little golf ball except put butter on it and eat it. They threw their clubs away and spoke disrespectfully to each other, referred blastingly to Tommy Headrick, and likewise to people who begin having high temperatures in midafternoon, and we took their hard earned money from them ruthlessly, hole after hole, and informed them that Nature had fitted them for checker games with old ladies and nothing more.

"We can't go in at once," Doc Cheff snorted. "How do we stand now?"

II.

PETE BOYLE has always looked like a well man and like a man who is never going to be ill, but he fooled us. His sickness came along like a bolt from the blue and when anxious questions were asked at San Jacinto nobody seemed to know what it was that had laid Peter low. He is past fifty and rather stout. The next thing we heard was that poor old Pete had been taken into town and that an operation would be necessary to save his life.

Nobody had to ask who would perform the operation. They took the prostrate Mr. Boyle immediately to the Lorber-Cheff institution on West End Avenue, with Pete taking no particular interest in the proceedings. Doctors Cheff and Lorber examined him carefully.

"Well," announced Cud Cheff, rubbing one rubber glove against the other, "we'll have to take out his appendix immediately."

"What for?" inquired Doc Lorber.

"What for!" Cud repeated in a withering tone. "Because if we don't Pete'll die of appendicitis. Right now Pete's appendix is swollen up like a hot water bottle."

"There's nothing the matter with Pete's appendix," declared Doctor Lorber in his calm, passionless voice which so distracts Cud. "Pete has a very bad attack of biliary colic. Of course, we'll have to operate for that, but not for appendicitis."

Cud grunted and glared at his associate.

It should be explained here, for the benefit of the many thousands who go through life ignoring their own insides, that the symptoms of appendicitis and of biliary colic are somewhat similar, and that it is ofttimes most difficult, even for experts, to say which disorder is raging within the patient. When removing an appendix that has decided to take up a dissolute and debauched career you make a careful opening about where your right suspender button would be. If the disorder is biliary colic, you drop down two points south.

"Pete has got appendicitis," snapped Doc Cheff, adding his usual verbal decorations, some of which reflected upon Doc Lorber's intelligence, sanity, and career.

He indicated a precise spot upon the helpless anatomy of poor old Pete, who had taken no part in the conversation, the first time, by the way, in Pete's life he had ever been present during a discussion of anything and had remained silent.

"He's got biliary colic," Dutch replied, unmoved. "Press your finger down right there."

"Press it yourself," Cud said. "I've been diagnosing cases like this for twenty years, and you stand there like a wall-eyed imbecile and tell me the man hasn't got appendicitis. Do you think that I don't know appendicitis when I see it?"

"Biliary colic," insisted Dutch. "Exactly like the case we had three weeks ago when they brought in that woman from Anaheim. You were wrong then and you're wrong now."

"There are times," Cud said, "when you annoy me, Dutch."

"There are no times," Dutch answered, "when you don't annoy me."

THEN and there began a debate or argument, with Pete as its basis, that lasted for some time, and the white clad nurses walked around the hospital with their fingers in their ears. Doctor Cheff informed Doctor Lorber that a surgeon who could deliberately confuse a simple case of appendicitis with biliary colic ought to take a long run, ending with a jump, and Dutch replied in the same vein.

They gave Pete Boyle a shot of something to ease him until they could come to an agreement and told the head nurse there was no need for immediate action. They then repaired a newsboy whose foot had been mangled in a street accident, giving him a thousand dollars' worth of work in an hour and charging him nothing, which is one of their habits.

Pete was lugged into the Lorber-Cheff institution on Wednesday and at ten o'clock Thursday morning Dutch and Cud were as far apart as the poles—that is, concerning Pete. They were reduced to growling at each other when-

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

ever they approached the room wherein Peter reposed.

"We've got to take care of Pete today," Doc Cheff suggested, in a cold voice. "We can't let this drag on."

"Certainly not," agreed Dutch, "and just as soon as you come to your senses we'll operate on him."

"All right, we'll take out that appendix this afternoon," continued Cud more cheerfully.

"You mean we'll go after his biliary colic," returned Doctor Lorber. "And not this afternoon, because today is Thursday, which, together with everything else you ever knew, you seem to have forgotten."

"That's so," Cud said. "Anyhow, Pete isn't suffering, and a few hours' delay will do no harm."

Of course, Thursday meant San Jacinto and golf, because the appendix never existed, nor the biliary colic either, which could keep these two niblick wavers from their exercises in the open air. They put aside the tools of their trade on the stroke of noon, ate a hurried hot-dog sandwich in the restaurant across the street, turned Pete Boyle over to a sweet-faced nurse, and departed in the green sedan. The ride out to San Jacinto was a continuation of the argument, and Pete was discussed freely and loudly, Cud removing his hands from the wheel at intervals to gesture and thus endangering human life. That ride is twelve miles long and is never a silent journey.

THEY rolled into the club grounds at the usual hour and the problem was no nearer solution. In the locker room they greeted half a dozen friends and began disrobing. Meantime they talked in subdued tones, below the genial roar of the locker room.

"All right, you pig-headed Dutchman," Doc Cheff said, stepping into his golf trousers and glaring at his running mate, who was critically examining a shoe, "I'll just tell you what I'll do with you today. I'll play you these eighteen holes for the usual bets and, in addition, I'll play you to see whether we take out Pete's appendix tonight or operate for your blinkety-blink-blinked biliary colic, which Pete hasn't got any more than you have."

Doc Lorber put down the shoe and reflected.

"Hooked," he said, which means in San Jacinto lingo that a specified offer is accepted. "And ten more bucks for good measure. If I didn't know I could beat you I wouldn't do this."

"You're on," Cud answered. "If the day ever comes when I can't beat you playing a game of golf I want somebody to poison me."

In the meantime Pete Boyle

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

passed the time pleasantly on his back in the Lorber-Cheff hospital, staring up at the dim ceiling that seemed to keep changing on him. He suffered no particular pain, and would, at the moment, have been feebly surprised to know that his appendix was spending the afternoon playing eighteen holes against other parts of his internal machinery.

Cheff and Lorber played that afternoon against Joe Reed and Johnnie Le Brand, both good men and long time enemies of the medical profession. It was a close struggle all the way, with Joe and Johnnie taking the surgeons' money on the seventeenth green, with a long, wabbling putt by Mr. Reed.

On the thirteenth green the usual messenger boy arrived on the usual bicycle, carrying the usual message, which was that the head nurse was beginning to have some trouble with Pete Boyle.

"You'd better come in at once," the message concluded.

"We can't go in at once," Doc Cheff snorted. "How do we stand now?"

"We're even," answered Dutch. "Boy, go back and telephone we'll get there as soon as we can. Hurry it up, Johnnie; we've got to get through here quick."

The surgical contest continued to the eighteenth hole, and Cud Cheff won it from Dutch on a fine mashie approach that left him a six inch putt, and his moment of triumph was interesting to watch, although the little crowd that always gathers to see the two finish little knew that Pete Boyle's appendix had just finished one up on his colic.

"Well, Doctor," Cud said suavely, as they strolled to the lockers. "As usual, I'm right. It was appendicitis and it is appendicitis."

"As usual, you're a fool for luck. The blind pig gets an occasional acorn, that's all. As for operating on Pete for his appendix, I suppose you'll go ahead and do it now, but you're dead wrong. You might as well cut off his leg."

The big sedan hurried back to town in the late afternoon, and five blocks away from the hospital Doc Lorber suddenly grunted.

"What's the matter with you?" Cud asked.

"Nothing," answered Dutch, with a triumphant note in his voice, "except that you didn't beat me after all. We're square."

"I beat you one up, didn't I?"

Dutch waved the score card before his partner. He had been studying it during the ride.

"You did not beat me. I made a mistake and gave you a five on the dog's-leg hole, where you took a six the same as I did."

"This is a fine time to be digging up post mortems," Cud said irritably. "You kept the score, didn't you?"

"Certainly, and I forgot the ball you drove out of bounds on your first tee shot. Of course, you wouldn't remind me of it, and so I gave you a five. You took a six. The match is still even."

"And," said Cud, "I suppose Pete hasn't got appendicitis. Just because you haven't enough intelligence to keep a simple score card I suppose you think we're going to play another golf game to decide this thing. If so, you're silly. I've stood for all the nonsense I'm going to, and Pete's appendix comes out within the next hour. Do you want the man to die?"

III.

THEY drove on, and neither of them suspected that a new and strange factor was entering the situation and would have a distinct bearing upon it. The new factor was Mrs. Pete Boyle, the devoted wife of the sick man.

Mrs. Boyle, as we all knew, had been prowling around in Honolulu with a group of tourist friends for many weeks, and when Pete was taken sick a cablegram was sent notifying Mrs. Pete. She abandoned her journey and started back for California on the first steamer. Doctors Cheff and Lorber understood, of course, that Mrs. Boyle was coming home, but the day of her arrival was unknown to them, and was likewise regarded as of no importance.

All Mrs. Pete knew about the illness was what the cable told her, which was that her husband was seriously ill and that she had better get to his bedside immediately, which she would have done anyhow.

She arrived in California about the time Cud and Dutch were teeing off for the eighteen holes which were to decide what ailed Pete. She hurried out to the hospital, and her arrival was coincident with a deal of suppressed excitement. Miss Myra Higgins is the head nurse for Cud and Dutch, a tall, dignified woman with a sweet smile.

"Where is my husband?" Mrs. Pete inquired, removing her gloves and explaining that her name was Boyle and that she knew the sufferer.

"He is in Number Three," answered Miss Higgins.

"All right. Take me there."

"Oh, no," said the nurse. "You can't see him."

Mrs. Pete's tone indicated mild astonishment. The nurse shook her head firmly.

"Listen to me, lady," said Mrs. Boyle with emphasis. "I've been traveling on a steamer for seven days to get here, and if you think I can't see my husband you are mistaken. If you try to stop me from seeing him I'll get the chief of police and the district attorney, and they are both friends of mine."

Miss Higgins shook her head again, but less firmly.

"You can't see him," she repeated, "because they're going to operate on him this afternoon."

"Operate on Pete! Who's going to do it?"

"Doctors Cheff and Lorber."

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Boyle. "This is what I get for going away and leaving Pete."

Having taken off her gloves, Mrs. Boyle now removed her hat, while the nurse surveyed her with growing alarm.

"If you know where there's a good ambulance with soft tires go and get it," Mrs. Pete said briskly. "If you don't, I will."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to take Pete home," replied Mrs. Boyle. "Furthermore, I'm going to do it immediately."

DOCTORS Cheff and Lorber arrived in their faithful sedan precisely at five o'clock, and a perturbed Miss Higgins came out to greet them.

"We'll operate on Pete Boyle at once," Cud said briskly, getting out of the car and slamming the door.

"He's gone," said Miss Higgins, and the look on her face startled Cud.

"Gone!"

"His wife came and took him away in an ambulance. I telephoned out to the club about it."

"Suffering saltpeter," said Doc Cheff. "I didn't know she was in town."

Dutch telephoned immediately to the Boyle residence and Mrs. Pete answered.

"Pete's all right," she said, "and I've got a good notion to come in there and scalp you two. If I hadn't got here when I did you'd probably have him all apart by now. I've given him a dose of medicine and he's doing fine. You better come out tonight and see for yourself."

Dutch hung up the telephone and informed Cud that the arts of surgery would not be required.

"She'll probably kill him," said Cud.

It was three months before any of us saw Pete Boyle again, and when we did he had completely regained his health. Mrs. Pete cured him with the red flannel remedies of the home and then took him to New York and Egypt to get his mind off his troubles.

When Pete finally appeared at San Jacinto one Saturday he was greeted boisterously by the gang, slapped on the back, and assured that he looked fine.

"I been playing golf in France," he said with enthusiasm, "and I am here to state that my game is improved. I took a few lessons over there and I have now got a drive that will open your eyes. Where are the butchers?"

He referred to Cud and Dutch.

"They'll be here in five minutes," Mr. Jacobs replied, glancing at the clock.

PROMPTLY at the appointed hour Cud and Dutch arrived for the Saturday golf, and Pete confronted them with a grin.

"Well," said Doc Cheff, shaking hands, "if it isn't the old war horse himself. By rights you ought to be dead."

"Probably would be," Pete said, "if the missus hadn't got here when she did. Been playing golf in Europe, and, believe me, I'm ready to clean up with you two."

"Why didn't you pay your bill before you left?" asked Dutch Lorber, who is a direct and plain spoken person.

"What bill?" demanded Pete. "I don't owe you anything."

"You owe us a thousand dollars," said Dutch calmly, "for your operation."

"You didn't operate on me," roared Pete.

"No, but we were all ready. You signed up a contract with us to do a certain job and we were there to do it. Because your wife steps in and gums it up by removing you from the scene, is that our fault? Besides which, you gave us about four thousand dollars' worth of worry."

Pete chuckled. He has a dollar for every whisker in Russia, and he got them by hanging on to them.

"You two," he said, "are a couple of natural crooks, both on the golf course and off, but I'm a man of strong sporting instincts, and I'll just about give you a chance. You claim I owe you a thousand bucks, which is debatable anywhere, but, being a sport, I'll play you eighteen holes to see whether it's double or nothing. How about it?"

"Do we accept?" Cud asked Dutch.

"Sure," said Dutch. "I'll play the big duffer."

"*You* will."

"I suppose *you* want to," replied Doc Lorber. "Of course, you would want to, and bet my money on the pathetic thing you call your game."

"Settle it your own way," Pete remarked. "And when you get through squabbling I'll take one of you and give him a golf lesson."

That is why it was announced recently in the local newspaper that Dr. Clarence Cheff is about to play Dr. George Lorber eighteen holes to see which is the better man, the winner to tackle Pete Boyle, whose health grows visibly better day by day. Both of these proposed battles ought to be worth seeing—and hearing.

THE END

The Baton of a BOSS In Every Lunch Basket

By JOSEPH S. JORDAN

THE biggest carpet factory in the world lies among the hills in and beyond Yonkers, a bustling city, having for its next door neighbor New York, the biggest city in the world. Employed in the forty buildings or more, the last of which is out a mile or so from Yonkers, are seven thousand six hundred persons. In the mills there are approximately fifteen hundred power looms, with a daily production of ninety thousand yards of carpet, made up in thirty-six different fabrics and in one hundred and twenty-one different sizes, which, if laid flat at an average width of twenty-seven inches, would be fifty-one miles long.

Discontent and strikes are unknown among the mill workers of the carpet manufacturing plant of Alexander Smith & Sons. The employees have no organization among themselves, but there is a strong tie between them and the company, not the least of which is a bonus system which nets each man, woman and child who has been a worker there for one year or more a share of the profits distributed every six months.

The streets of Yonkers and the slopes of nearby country radiate splashes of color, morning and night, as the workers wend their way to the mills, or depart when the day's work is done. The women and girls, most of them of foreign extraction, wear the costumes of their mother country: the brightest of scarfs and shawls, the gayest of headwear. Many of them have their own motorcycles, bicycles, or flivvers. Many carry lunch baskets, and the picture is one of picnickers rather than pieceworkers on their way to the forest of looms.

The vehicles are not a display of vanity, or the arrogant boast of dollars. They are, on the contrary, a mark of thrift. Many of the weavers, dyers, and spinners and machinists, masons, and other mechanics have their homes in Yonkers; but many more live in nearby villages. To get to their work costs from ten to fifteen cents, and the same amount to return. Where there are two and three of the workers from the same family it doesn't take long to save in carfare the price of a car.

Content among workers, this company has learned, is the key to production. And the atmosphere of the mills is one of content. The two score buildings grew from a single factory, with twenty-five hand looms, established in the '60s by Alexander Smith. Mr. Smith died in 1878, on the night of his election to Congress, a wealthy man. His grandson, Alexander Smith Cochran, made of the company the greatest carpet manufacturing concern in the world.

Mr. Cochran's mother was Eva Smith, only daughter of the founder. Warren Smith was the only son of the founder, and died abroad, a bachelor, in 1903. He preferred the luxurious life of the continent to the making of carpets, giving little or no attention to the business in which his fortune was vested. William F. Cochran,

The slopes of nearby country radiate spl

who married Mr. Smith's sister, was al man of wealth and a business man as He took charge of the plant after the d of his father-in-law. It was instilled Alexander Smith Cochran from a child one day he would control and own the g carpet works.

And the younger Cochran proved to be a of mettle and a man worth while. It is du him that the mills harbor no discontent. inaugurated the bonus system, the princ and working of which have been adopted by m large employers. Mr. Cochran evolved m other plans to benefit his employees. He lea to know their wants and needs by becoming of them and working with and among them.

The tale of the lad who started as office and became president of his company is trite the frequency with which it has been de strated in this land of opportunity. The ex tion is the story of the rich man's son who st at the bottom and rises to the top.

Mr. Cochran's story is one of these brill

as the workers depart. The picture is one of picnickers rather than pieceworkers.

The Romantic Story of a Rich Man's Son Who Started at the Bottom in His Grandfather's Carpet Factory and Transformed It by the Magic of Loyalty Into the Greatest Establishment of Its Kind in the World

Pictures by GLEN A. MITCHELL

eptions. The man of wealth became a man of people, that he might learn his own business learn to know the needs of his employees; ten years of hard work were required to do it.

R. COCHRAN was born, literally and figuratively, with the magic carpet under his feet. might have followed in the footsteps of his e, had he so willed, and enjoyed the pleasures Paris, the beaches, the ponies, and Monte lo. He could have had yachts, cars, motor s, and palaces when he was graduated from e, a multimillionaire, and one of the most ible bachelors of his day. But he turned aside n the path of pleasure to take up the task of ing carpets. The potential president of xander Smith & Sons figured there was be- him plenty time for play.

e realized his undertaking for a man-sized but once he started, he stuck to the job l he had mastered every detail of the mills. office was his starting point, and there he tled with figures and statements and worked over ledgers and accounts. He learned costs—the cost of a wool clip, the cost of wool in the bale; the cost of machinery, of shipping, and production. And all the while he was familiarizing himself with the various mills.

Mr. Cochran was free to do as he liked, but held himself always in check, and insisted that he be treated like any other employee, and not as the prospective owner of the plant. He acquired the secret of self-control, and the knowledge of how to handle men came to him through learning first how to handle himself.

Having mastered the secrets of finance, Mr. Cochran moved to the mills to learn the mysteries of spinning, and dyeing, and weaving, and the manufacture of carpet.

Not to the mills did he go as an observer, but as one of the workers, donning their overalls and jumpers. He wasn't afraid to get his face or hands dirty. He pitched into the wool and learned how to spin it, to dye it, and to weave the fabric. He was popular with the workers, and his democratic demeanor inspired their confidence.

He learned something from all of them. He learned all about carpets, and when he emerged from his ten years' experience in the mills to step into the presidency there wasn't a better carpet manufacturing expert in the country.

There are plenty of stories in the Smith carpet mills of poor boys who began at the bottom and worked to the top. At the head of every department in the vast carpet plant is a man who started at the foot of it: the present executives are men who, like Alexander Smith Cochran, worked from the ground up.

It is a tradition of the Smith company that loyalty begets loyalty, and that every man carries in his lunch basket the baton of a boss. The tradition has been borne out by good pay, satisfactory hours, bonuses, and pensions and advancements from the ranks.

When Mr. Cochran had placed the company in the foremost position in the world's carpet industry he retired from the presidency to enjoy himself and rest on his laurels.

Mr. Cochran's position as head of the plant was taken by Reuben Borland, who entered one of the departments as a boy, and who has been forty years with the concern. William Hetherington, vice president, has been one of the workers for about the same length of time. He reached the top through the mechanical department. Arthur Land, secretary, was initiated into the business

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Alexander Smith Cochran, the rich man's son who turned from idleness to carpet making and has built up one of the world's most remarkable manufacturing organizations.

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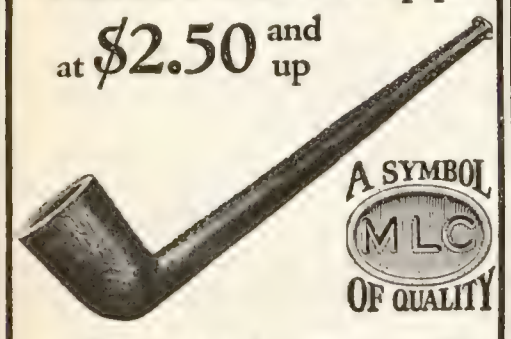

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

as a clerk in the bookkeeping branch, while Richard Edie, treasurer, started as an office boy. These comprise the Big Four of the firm and make a well-balanced board of executives.

The bonus system was inaugurated in 1911 by issuing at the end of the year a ten per cent dividend to all of the workers who had been in the employ of the company for ten years or more. It was an interminable job of bookkeeping, for there were employes who had been with the company all the way from one year to forty. Today there are many who have been in the plant upward of half a century. William McKim, at the head of the dyeing department, is seventy-five years old, and has been in the same department for fifty-two years. Eugene Tymeson, who had worked among the looms, died after more than fifty years of continuous service.

The number of employes has been trebled since the bonus system was started; so has the size of the plant. The amount of the bonuses has increased in proportion, and has reached perfection in its working. The second step in its operation was to include employees who had been working for five years, giving them an additional five per cent of their annual earnings. As the plan has been since developed, after a man, woman, or other employee has been with the company for a year five per cent of his or her salary or wages per annum is added; and there is an increase of one per cent thereafter for each succeeding year up to eleven, after which the increase remains stationary.

SEMI-ANNUAL dividends are declared. The table of increases graded according to the years of employment is as follows: One year, five per cent; two years, six; three years, seven; four years, eight; five years, nine; six years, ten; seven years, eleven; eight years, twelve; nine years, thirteen; ten years, fourteen; eleven years and thereafter, fifteen per cent.

A recent payment amounted to four hundred and eleven thousand dollars, and another one in the same year was approximately five hundred thousand dollars, so that the company shared its profits with the workers to the extent of one million dollars in one year. Previous to that, since the inauguration of the bonus system, there had been paid out five million three hundred and eight thousand dollars in premiums.

Upon assuming charge of the company Mr. Cochran cut down the working hours from nine to eight hours a day; and then extended the summer half holiday on Saturday afternoons to all the year around. He did these things without any demand being made upon him, and was first among the big employers to recognize the inequity of the clause in the New York State workmen's compensation act which compelled an injured person to wait two weeks after being hurt for the application of financial aid. He cut out that two weeks' wait so far as Alexander Smith & Sons were concerned, and the New York Legislature of last year followed that precedent.

MR. COCHRAN erected an immense cafeteria in one section of the plant at which hot lunches are served at cost; but there is nothing compulsory about eating there.

A pension system has also been established, the benefits of which are enjoyed by others than those worn out in the advance of age. If anyone becomes ill or injured in the company's service, he or she is retired upon a percentage of wages fixed by a council composed of executives and workers. The names of fifty pensioners are now on the list.

Warren Smith, son of the founder of the great industry, accomplished nothing in the way of improvements, either in business or in the conditions of the employees. His nephew, the grandson of the founder, found ways of spreading sunshine and content among the workers, and made Alexander Smith & Sons the greatest manufacturers of carpets and rugs in the world, with a production, approximately, of twenty-two million yards of floor coverings a year, or twelve thousand nine hundred miles of carpet twenty-seven inches in width. This would reach from San Francisco to New York City and across the Atlantic to London, and leave enough to carpet the way from Leningrad to Peking.

Warren Smith enjoyed the forty millions or so left to him, and at his death left them all to his nephew. He lived as thousands of other men would have done in the circumstances, as was his privilege; and found more pleasure in spending his income along rosy and pleasant paths than in making more money.

Alexander Smith Cochran could have done the same, and may have done so later; but first he made financially sound for ever more the structure upon which Alexander Smith & Sons was founded. In carrying the company to the very top of the carpet industry Mr. Cochran set an example for the sons of the rich, and built an enduring monument for himself.

The name Warren Smith is hardly known in the mills of his father's making. The name of Alexander Smith Cochran is mentioned with affection and admiration, and is one to conjure with in the business world.

THE END

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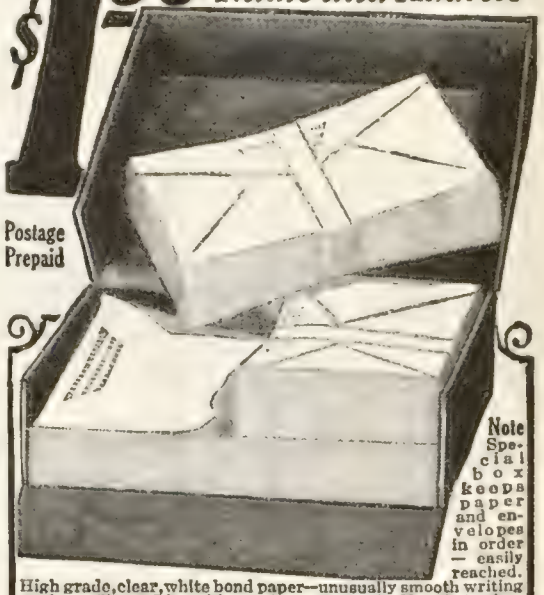

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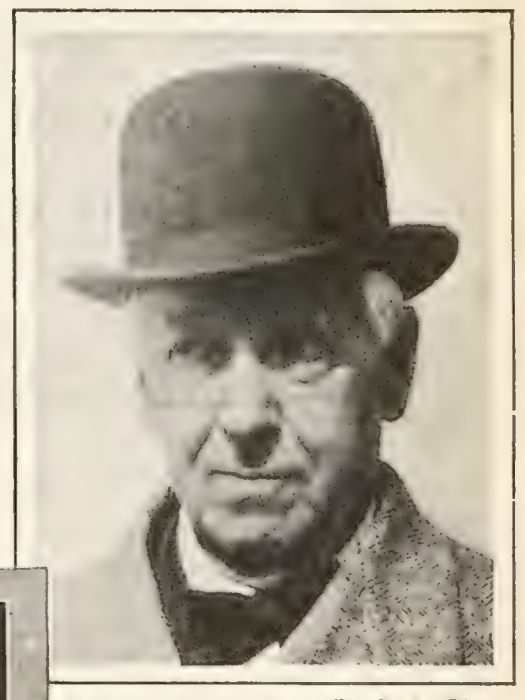
How One Man Has Solved the Problem of Enjoying Life at 68—He

Pays *the* Doctor *to* Keep Him Well

By FREDERICK HALSEY



P. & A. Photo.

Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, whose health is a matter of contract with a Philadelphia physician.

DR. MARTIN E. RUHFUSS of Philadelphia has the softest snap of any physician in the United States. His job is to keep Samuel M. Vauclain well. He is said to receive a tremendous fee every year for keeping the energetic president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in good health; on the other hand, should Mr. Vauclain become ill, then the physician has to pay to his patient double fees for every day he is absent from business.

Since Mr. Vauclain, who is past sixty-eight years of age, made the contract with Doctor Ruhfuss more than five years ago and never has been sick a day, the physician has had all the luck thus far. Yet Mr. Vauclain does not object to the physician's bills, which he regards in the light of health insurance premiums.

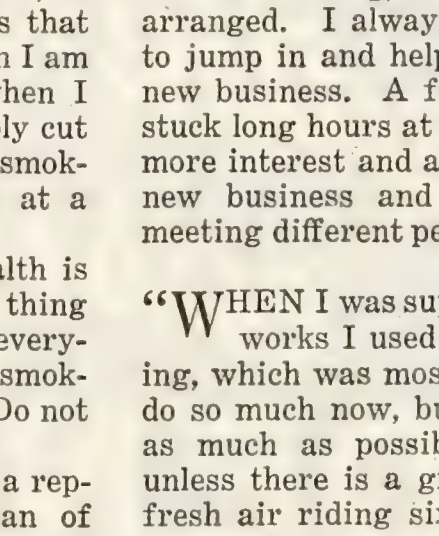
It is a happy sort of an arrangement. So long as Mr. Vauclain is well and able to work he can afford to pay the doctor. The minute he gets sick the family can say:

"Dad is sick now, so our income is doubled, and we can afford to do whatever we please."

On the other hand, Doctor Ruhfuss might have to say at home:

"Mr. Vauclain has a bad cold, and we'll have to retrench this month. If he ever catches a lingering disease we'll be broke."

The Vauclain idea is appealing. Even gout or lumbago would be more bearable if the patient knew the doctor would have to pay him for every visit, and that when he returned to the office the doctor would



take his turn cussing and demanding an itemized statement.

Mr. Vauclain's plan of paying the doctor to keep him well, and making the doctor pay him double when he is sick has spread rapidly. Physicians and official organs of the medical profession have recognized the value of the plan not only to the doctors but to the health of the community.

The idea is not entirely new nor original with Mr. Vauclain, since it is along the line of the Chinese system with variations. In his contract with Doctor Ruhfuss Mr. Vauclain insisted upon a penalty for sickness in the shape of money, while, according to the accepted Chinese plan, the patient pays the doctor as long as he is well, while the doctor gives free treatment in case of illness. When the patient dies the doctor in some instances is put to death and buried with his one time patient.

"There really is no need for a person to be sick at all," said Mr. Vauclain. "Outside of epidemics or diseases resulting from contagion a man never should be sick.

"I never have been sick but once in my life—that is, really sick. That was after returning from France. I went out to the works and loafed around instead of working, and I guess I wasn't busy enough to avoid the grip.

"A man cannot afford to be sick, so I pay a doctor to keep me well—and it is a good bargain. We drew a contract by which I was to pay him a certain sum per year to guard me against illness, and insisted that to make the contract equitable he should pay me if I lose time from business. The contract was the first of its kind ever made—and we are both well satisfied. I haven't been sick a day, have been able to pay doctor's bills regularly, and pay them gladly.

"THE doctor looks me over perhaps once a month. He usually examines me to see if there is any symptom of trouble and advises me what to do, and I am bound by our agreement to follow his advice. I do not know that he has prevented any serious illness, but he has warned me against certain things, such as eating too much or smoking too much. In fact, he advises against smoking at all, or urges that I cut down to the minimum. I know when I am eating too much and when I smoke too much. I simply cut down. Often I cut out smoking entirely, for weeks at a time.

"Keeping in good health is not hard. The principal thing is to be moderate in everything—eating, drinking, smoking, working, playing. Do not overdo anything.

"I never have. I had a reputation as a young man of being a hard worker and of working long hours. I did; but if I felt myself getting tired I changed to some other kind of work. It is easier to work sixteen hours a day at an easy pace than to work hard eight hours—just as much easier as it is to walk ten miles than to sprint one.

"I worked long hours and at times drove hard, but I never have noticed any worker getting exhausted on a job in this country.

"Exercise? Golf? No. I do not need it. I get all the exercise a man needs in my work. Why waste energy on something useless when you can employ it either to benefit yourself or others?

"I'm sixty-eight years old now, and feel younger than I did twenty years ago. As for exercise, well, this morning I was up at a quarter to six. I was in my office in Philadelphia before seven-thirty and cleared up my correspondence. I caught an eight o'clock train to New York, where I attended three conferences before going to our offices at noon. I cleaned up business there, caught a train back to Philadelphia, reached the shops, looked over pressing matters, changed clothes, and jumped out to Rosemont to a dinner. I'll be up before six in the morning.

"I have made it a rule to get an early start all my life. My desk is clear by eight o'clock in the morning, and the routine business is arranged. I always have time to see friends, to jump in and help something, and to dig up new business. A fellow might get stale if he stuck long hours at routine business. There is more interest and adventure in going out after new business and learning something new, meeting different people, starting something.

"WHEN I was superintendent of the Baldwin works I used to do a great deal of walking, which was most of my exercise. I do not do so much now, but I make it a rule to walk as much as possible between appointments, unless there is a great hurry. I get a lot of fresh air riding sixteen miles or more to the shops. My work is my exercise, both physical and mental. With ordinary attention to diet, avoidance of overeating or overdoing, and to digestion a normal man can keep fit at his work—if he is on the job.

"As for examination my doctor inspects heart, lungs, general condition, eyesight, and I help him.

"This plan of mine is entirely practical and can be adopted by anyone. In fact, a great many doctors now favor it, and the idea of keeping men well instead of curing them is growing in favor. The ordinary family can afford to hire a good physician to keep them well all the year, and pay him well for doing it, much better than they can afford to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rinse With Lemon To Keep Hair Curly—

Whether Bobbed or Long

Priscilla Dean
Famous Motion Picture Star

By Priscilla Dean

"WHEN I shampoo my hair a curd is formed by soap. It settles on the hair and stays, no matter how frequently I rinse with water alone. The hair is sticky and unclean, and loses its curl.

"But then I rinse with the juice of one lemon in a quart of water, and you should see *the difference!* The lemon juice eliminates the curd completely. My hair is *really clean.* It keeps its curl.

"Just *feel the hair,* to know it. Let your mirror, and your friends tell you of its fine, lustrous gloss, its pretty wave.

"The best 'Beauty Shops' rinse like this. It's the natural, harmless way.

"Learn the effect just once and you, too, will always rinse with lemon as I do.

"Get California Lemons. They are heavy with the most effective juice. I know because I've tried them all."

Send coupon for free book.

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Please send me free book, "Toilet Uses For The Lemon," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

NAME.....

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

get sick and pay a doctor for attending them.

"The fees of doctors in many places are almost criminal, in that they place proper medical attention practically beyond the reach of the average salaried man. The hospital situation in the large cities is almost as bad.

"In Philadelphia we are working for a free municipal hospital. The city hospitals charge what they call 'nominal' fees for beds in wards, but how can a man earning eighteen dollars a week pay three dollars a day for a hospital bed? One siege of sickness will leave him in debt for years.

"WE have no health problem among the men in the locomotive works, nor do we maintain any hospitals, for the simple reason that a private concern cannot afford the class of medical talent and attention which a great hospital can give. We find it better to send our people to the best city hospitals and pay the bills. It isn't a charity; it is good business. The quicker a worker gets well and returns to work the better for us, and if he returns free of debt he is a better workman and will repay in the shape of work, whether in any other way or not.

"I am utterly against the paternal idea anyhow. The American workman is about the most independent person in the world. He wants to help himself. He wants good wages, and he wants to work out his own destinies. If my workmen need anything I hear of it. The workman himself seldom gives up. He tries to work out his own salvation, and when he fails the others tell us of it.

"This little plan of mine of hiring a doctor to keep me well has big possibilities for the workman, or for any man. Anyone can afford to pay a fair price for an ounce of prevention where a pound of cure would be dear at any time."

Whether the same plan could be applied to the lawyer or the banker Mr. Vauclain declines to venture an opinion. If someone will evolve a plan whereby clients can pay their lawyers while the former are out of trouble and make the attorneys pay the clients when sued or arrested he might strike a popular chord.

Even more popular would be the idea of paying interest to the banker while having money in his bank, and making him pay ten per cent on the depositor's debts when the depositor has no more money to his account.

Meantime Mr. Vauclain is satisfied to keep on paying his doctor, and the doctor has plenty of time for golf, with no one to wake him up at three in the morning with the message:

"Sam Vauclain is well."

THE END

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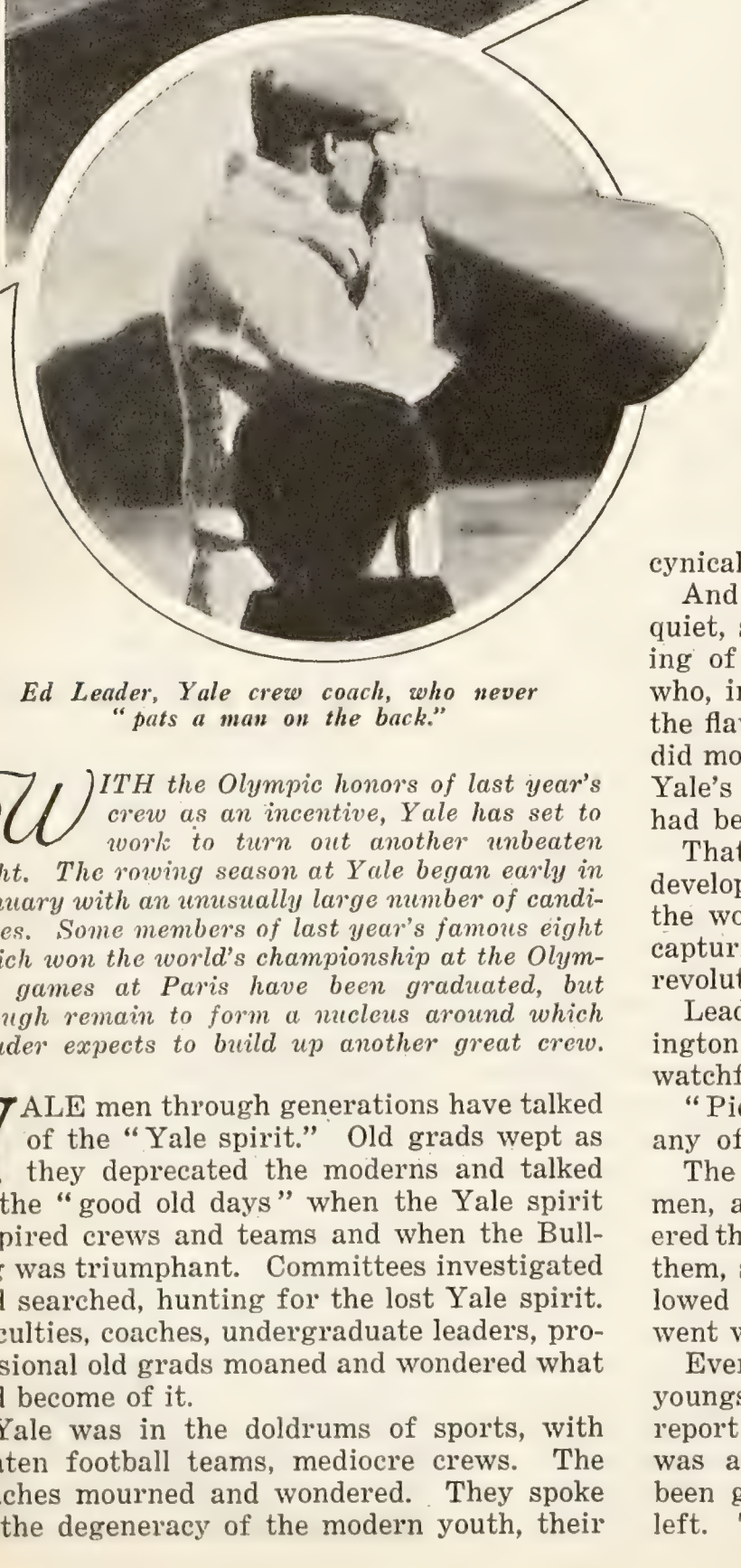
ED LEADER

ROWING MARVEL

Yale's Olympic rowing champions and the man who "made them."

By HUGH FULLERTON

Yale's Rowing Champions Are a Glittering Testimony to Yale's Bulldog Spirit. And Here's the Story of the Man Who Built Them Into an Undefeated Crew



Ed Leader, Yale crew coach, who never "pats a man on the back."

WITH the Olympic honors of last year's crew as an incentive, Yale has set to work to turn out another unbeaten eight. The rowing season at Yale began early in January with an unusually large number of candidates. Some members of last year's famous eight which won the world's championship at the Olympic games at Paris have been graduated, but enough remain to form a nucleus around which Leader expects to build up another great crew.

YALE men through generations have talked of the "Yale spirit." Old grads wept as they deprecated the moderns and talked of the "good old days" when the Yale spirit inspired crews and teams and when the Bulldog was triumphant. Committees investigated and searched, hunting for the lost Yale spirit. Faculties, coaches, undergraduate leaders, professional old grads moaned and wondered what had become of it.

Yale was in the doldrums of sports, with beaten football teams, mediocre crews. The coaches mourned and wondered. They spoke of the degeneracy of the modern youth, their cynical indifference, their lack of college spirit.

And then from the Far West came a big, quiet, seldom speaking youth who knew nothing of Yale, of Yale men or Yale traditions, who, in one brief month, laid his finger upon the flaw, discovered the source of trouble, and did more to restore the athletic glory that was Yale's than even Tad Jones and Jack Blossom had been able to do.

That man was Ed Leader, Yale coach, who developed the crew which last season swept the world off the water, winning every start, capturing the Olympic championships, and revolutionizing rowing all over the world.

Leader went to Yale from Seattle, Washington, a stranger. Big, gawky, silent, and watchful, he said to one of the veteran coaches:

"Pick me out a first crew. I don't know any of the men."

The coaches conferred, looked over the oarsmen, and selected a crew which they considered the best in the university. Leader watched them, seemed to lose interest after a time, allowed the assistants to watch the crew, and went wandering around the basin.

Every once in a while he would take some youngster out of a class boat and tell him to report to the varsity crew. When his crew was assembled only two of those who had been given him as the original varsity were left. The six others were boys selected from class boats, from the barges, and the sculls.

This had a strange effect. There was no speech making, no rallies, but a new feeling swept through Yale. Undergraduates, who had been indifferent and listless, began to pull their arms out and weary their backs rowing. Interest in rowing went up a hundred per cent.

After all those years the Yale spirit flashed and burned high. The undergraduates knew that every man who worked had a chance; that there were no favorites; that social prestige, society membership, good fellowship or the influence of old grads counted for nothing. Every fellow had a chance. And, after all, that was all there was to the Yale spirit.

The result has been two years in which the varsity crew never has been beaten, and in 1924 furnished the greatest crew in the history of college rowing. This wonderful crew won eight races at five different distances, defeated the greatest crews of the world, kept in training a month longer than any American college crew ever had before, and finished with an amazing victory in the Olympic games, in better condition than at any time during the season.

The remarkable record is due entirely to Ed Leader, who is known at Yale as "The man who never patted anyone on the back."

He doesn't. He never speaks a word of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

praise, never compliments the men, no matter what they accomplish.

"Why should I?" he asks simply. "A man knows when he has done well. He doesn't need to be told. He knows the coach knows. Besides, more men are spoiled by being patted on the back than are helped."

I have watched Leader at work with his crews. Let it be understood there is no drudgery, no sacrifice as great required of any college man as that of "making" the crew. Hours of hard, colorless drudgery at the oars. Hours of arm-wearying, back-breaking pulling—and the reward, a few minutes of racing, with every outraged muscle and nerve driven to the limit, a blurred, half-conscious realization of screaming whistles, waving banners, and cheering crowds, and then the luxury of rest and the right to wear a letter on a sweater.

ED LEADER is the most indefatigable worker I have ever seen, and also the most patient. He lives rowing. He dreams it. No youth is too weak or too poor an oarsman to be neglected by Leader if he sees the boy is trying. When he has done his work with the crew which will make or break his reputation he is down on the water with some boy who, perhaps, hasn't a chance in the world to make a crew, teaching, instructing, demonstrating—and taking as much pains with him as he would take with the stroke of the varsity crew.

This big fellow, who is hailed as the developer of what is known as the "Washington stroke," does not claim any credit whatever for it, although all the rowing schools in the United States are striving to learn the method and modeling their stroke after that of Yale, while the foreign crews that saw Yale on the Seine in the Olympic games are imitating it.

"We had to develop our own stroke," he told me in an unaffected manner. "You see, our trainer and coach was Conibear, and he did not know anything about rowing. He never had rowed and wasn't a coach, but a magnificent conditioner, so we had to learn for ourselves, and we developed the stroke we found best. All there is different about it from the others is in the application of the power—Navy's crew comes closest to our stroke. Most people do not notice the similarity, because when they are paddling or going easy the stroke is different. When they hit their racing stroke it is about the same."

Leader is the oddest type of coach I ever found in an Eastern school. Typically Western, rawboned, powerful, rugged in body and in mind, he looks somehow

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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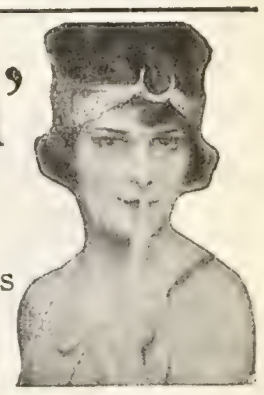

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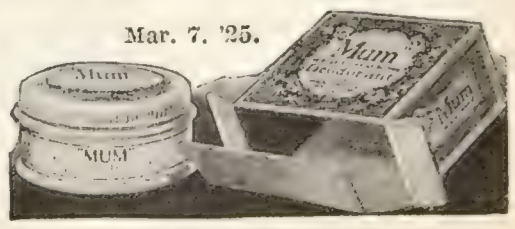

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out of place in an Eastern university, yet there is likely no place in the world where Ed Leader would be out of place. He is a typical product of the West—the Pacific Coast.

He was born on a farm in Oregon, twenty miles from Portland, where he lived until he was sixteen. He had pulled a rowboat at times, which was all he knew about rowing.

He played football and baseball, and became one of the best high school pitchers in that section. Strong and tireless, always in the perfect condition of the country boy, athletics were fun for him.

He wanted to study law and decided that the University of Washington offered the best opportunity, and went there in 1912 and remained five years. Washington was becoming a rowing school, and the coach saw the powerful shoulders and back of the big boy and persuaded him to try for the crew. Leader and his brother, who is much like him, agreed, because rowing was real sport to them.

The coach was Conibear, and "Con," who has worked with various Chicago athletic clubs, with the White Sox and other athletes, as has been said, knew little or nothing about rowing. But he did know condition and athletes. He selected Ed Leader, and chose a crew composed of those fellows built like Oregon fir—tall, tough, and springy.

THEY went to work and developed a stroke of their own—and suddenly the scientific rowing people of the East began to sit up and take notice. The Washington crew, raw as it was, showed tremendous power and a strange stroke which experts criticized as lacking rhythm but not power. When Washington swept the great California crew off the course two years out of three and startled the East by its powerful showing at Poughkeepsie the experts commenced to wonder.

Leader didn't know much rowing. He went as a member with the Washington crew to Poughkeepsie in 1913 and learned a lot. He learned more watching Wisconsin's crews working on the lake at Madison.

But in spite of his love of rowing, Leader was only three years in the shell at Washington, as he played both football and baseball. He was pitcher on the team which swept to a championship on the Pacific Coast and was offered a major league trial because of his coolness and his terrific speed. Football fans still declare on the coast that Leader was one of the greatest ends they ever saw, being fast, clever, almost an instinctive player.

Gil Dobie, now at Cornell, was the football coach, and from him, although he does not follow the same methods, Leader obtained his knowledge of coaching.

"I wish," Leader remarked, "I had gone in for football coaching instead of rowing when I started. I had learned football under a master, but all we knew of rowing, we learned ourselves."

The "all" Leader referred to consisted of two great victories over California and a near revolution in rowing style.

Yale had imported British rowing teachers, had tried to develop a stroke, had changed coaches repeatedly until finally, in 1922, Leader was engaged. At that time Leader had been practicing law in Seattle for three years, coaching the crew between times, and startling the rowing world with his revolutionary methods.

When Leader went to Yale he picked his crew without inquiring whether they belonged to fraternities or had social or other influence. He was looking for workers, men who would row and work for the crew.

In his first year the Yale varsity was not beaten and the basis of the greatest crew that was ever assembled was laid. In 1924 the Yale crew, using the Washington stroke (which is the Leader stroke), accomplished a marvel which was declared to be an impossibility in rowing. Not only did he keep the crew in perfect condition for one month longer than any college crew ever has been kept, but rowing the mile and a half, the two miles, three miles, and four miles, his crew won eight races.

How to Write a Story Synopsis
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In order to show persons who aren't professional writers exactly what they have to do to enter the big contest, Liberty will publish next week a sample synopsis of a story, which will be the same kind of a synopsis as that required by the rules on pages 42 and 43.

DON'T MISS

Next Week's Issue!

The crew broke the Olympic record, and would have smashed two more distance records but for rowing in heavy winds. Better than that, Leader finished with the men stronger, in better physical and mental condition, than at any time during the season. He kept the crew in perfect form and won a race immediately after every man in the boat had been through his final examinations with honors.

I ASKED him who was the star of the crew. "We haven't any—that's the reason it is a great crew," he said simply.

"A crew is eight men working as one. You cannot build a crew or any team around one man successfully; everyone must do his part.

"They must have confidence in each other, and be in perfect condition. While condition counts a great deal, after all the secret of a successful crew, or a successful team of any kind, is in the selection of the men.

"How do I handle men? Oh, any way! You cannot handle any two men alike. You have to get acquainted with them, and have them get to know you, and, if they have confidence, then you understand each other—the rest is all work. That is where our crew last year was great—they trusted each other, every man knew every other man could be depended upon to do his best. They were a great crew."

"That," remarked one of the other coaches, sotto voce, "is the first bouquet he ever threw at a crew."

"What," I asked, "is the difference between Eastern and Western fellows? Do not the rich men's sons of the East make the coach's problem harder?"

"No," he replied. "The fact is, the rich men's sons are liable to be harder workers than the poorer ones. They appreciate the necessity of discipline better.

"But the Western men are better men physically. I don't mean bigger, for last year's crew at Yale was the heaviest I ever coached. But they are stronger men physically, better conditioned, and can stand more.

"In the first place, they average more than a year older, sometimes two or more years older. The first varsity crew I had at Yale had only one man who was over twenty in it, and I think he was just past twenty-one. Out on the Coast the crews average about twenty-three years, and, of course, they are more fully developed. Besides that, they work——"

"But," I interrupted, "Yale men work, too. The figures show that thirty-two per cent of them last year earned part or all of their expenses."

"OH, yes!" he agreed. "They work, or earn money; but it is different. The Eastern men sell bonds, or tutor, or sell books, or wait on the table. Out our way the fellows go into the woods and fell trees, work in lumber camps or in mines, or get jobs helping rig ships or build them. When they come back to school they are strong and fit, and in condition to stand anything. Rowing never hurts them."

"Does rowing prove injurious to many oarsmen?" I inquired.

"It does—in two ways," he admitted. "If a man works into condition properly and goes off gradually, rowing is one of the best developers. But if he attempts hard rowing before he is in condition, or if he tries to drop off condition quickly, the result, too often, is physical injury.

"I think some Eastern crew coaches make a big mistake," he continued. "Winter lasts late here, and the men are prepared in the tank or on mechanical apparatus. As soon as the ice goes out of the rivers they have the crews out, and the work is different. The men are eager for real rowing, and are liable to do themselves harm before they know it. The wise coach has to restrain his men and work them into condition slowly. The time between the first actual rowing on water and the first race sometimes is too short for proper training of men. On the Coast, of course, we have not that difficulty with which to contend.

"There is another thing, too, many trainers overlook; that is, it is almost as dangerous for a man to quit athletics suddenly as to attempt without training to engage in a hard contest.

"After a man has been in athletics for several years his heart has developed and become larger in proportion to his muscles. He should reduce the amount of exercise gradually, and should continue some form of physical exercise until his heart and body are in accord all the time, or he will have injurious effects, in the shape of fat or in some other form. His heart may be too strong for the body, unless its activities are reduced gradually.

"If you are in perfect condition and have worked up to it, you can stand anything, and rowing will be beneficial. I think it turns out some of the finest men and leaders of any contest in which men engage—a different type, perhaps, but just as fine and with perhaps better self-control and more idea of discipline even than football."

THE END

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Pattern No. 2266 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 36 inch material with ⅜ yard of 36 inch contrasting.

Perky taffeta, crepe de Chine, or fine cotton is suggested for the development of style No. 2314, the lines of which will be found very becoming to the growing girl. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern No. 2238 is a smart junior version of the button-down-the-front style so popular with grownups. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 42 inch material with ½ yard of 36 inch contrasting.

The FLARED HEMLINE MARKS *the* NEW WEDDING GOWNS

by Corinne Lowe

IN diamond-shaped motifs of seed pearls and crystals, in two girdles of the same embroidery, above all, in circular side folds, the first bride shown demonstrates that fashion may be reconciled to stateliness. A tulle veil is caught at the side with flowers. For her attendant (below, at the left) is chosen a two-piece gown of citron crepe with thin line of tobacco-brown thread tracing a design on the corsage and with a bow of Nattier blue taffeta. The hat of citron tint is massed with blue flowers. The second bride selects a wearable model of white satin with godets and sleeves of the same exquisite point Venise forming her train. A narrow band of pearl beading falls down the front and pearls form the headdress of a voluminous veil. For her attendant's costume gunmetal lace over smoky blue crepe is trimmed with pearls of the same metallic tint. Her hat of blue maline admits a single large rose.

THERE is one theme on which we play few variations. This is "Here Comes the Bride." Year in and year out we find the wedding gown betraying its traditional hesitation between bouffante and straight line, and from season to season the ceremonial air of this robe is merely inflected by the vagaries of Fashion.

Yet there is usually present one vivid reflection of the prevailing mode. Thus this season many of the fashionable brides of New York have worn gowns identified with the vogue for a flaring hemline.

The first of the wedding gowns illustrated is one which may be safely chosen for a post-Lenten wedding. For there is little likelihood that its style features will be erased by the spring openings of Paris dressmaking salons.

It is to be expected of a season that has made such a strong point of the V neckline that the wedding gown would reinforce the point. Consequently in our second model we show it as an integral part of a beltless frock of white satin which repeats its short sleeves of lace in deep side godets. A narrow band of pearl beading is dropped from the V, and this represents the only other ornamentation of a gown which was worn recently by a fashionable New York bride.

As to bridesmaids' frocks, their usual tints have been supplemented by another, to be traced to a vogue in other types of clothes. The new tone is brown and is also represented in trimming. Thus on the model associated with our first bride we find a tracery of tobacco-brown thread on a citron georgette foundation. More customary, however, is the gown designed for the second bride's attendant. Much metallic lace is now being used for these costumes and here we encounter a gunmetal web posed over a smoky blue crepe.

Gloria Swanson

Thomas Meighan

James Cruze

Bebe Daniels

Adolphe Menjou

Herbert Brenon

Allan Dwan

Liberty Will Pay $50,000 For An

For A Story Suitable For Liberty And For A Motion Picture

Here Are The Rules of This Remarkable Contest

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.

Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2500 words *or less.* By "synopsis" we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication.) For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the Synopsis that wins the prize and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story.

If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two.)

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are avail-

In Cash Idea

A Sensational Offer Open To Everyone!

No Writing Experience Necessary—All That Is Wanted Is An Idea

able to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, Wm. de Mille and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation and wording. Writing, English and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay or non-delivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employes of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Pola Negri

D. W. Griffith

Richard Dix

Betty Bronson

Ricardo Cortez

Irvin Willat

Sidney Olcott

The Second Blooming

Where Are the Danger Points of Married Life? Is the First Year the Crucial Period or Is Trouble Waiting in the Offing Later on? Let the Wife of Thirty-eight and the Husband of Forty BEWARE, *Advises*

W. L. GEORGE

Picture by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

PEOPLE divorce each other for various reasons, at various times, in the most unexpected way: couples part because they are wretched, sometimes because they are bored, and sometimes for the most frivolous reasons.

I have among my notes a case where a woman alleged cruelty against her husband, and among her charges recorded that he had refused to take her to the movies more than once a week. But if we exclude the extreme cases where a husband or a wife divorces because love has turned to hatred, one may outline a whole group of causes which tend to make people unhappy.

For instance, there is money, of which a couple may have too little or too much. If they have too little their love becomes sordid because they lack pleasure, which makes daily life possible; if they have too much they may spend their time trying to invest in pleasure, until social occupations close upon them, destroy their home life, and make their relationship meaningless.

There is the difference of tastes, the conflict between the man's passion for his business and woman's passion, say, for poetry: that means divergence of view and, therefore, separation of the spirit.

There is traveling, during which people quarrel because they adjust themselves badly. There is the contrast of temperaments, which once was so attractive and at length becomes an irritation.

There are a hundred causes for divorce, but it is curious that these causes should have their effect mainly after a definite number of years of marriage or round about certain ages.

The statistics of the divorce courts yield a curious result: the greatest number of divorces seem to take place after either a year of matrimony, or six or seven years, or round about twenty years. In the intervals the conflict of marriage seems arrested.

Those who survive the first year seem at rest till the sixth year, and those who survive the twentieth year generally travel side by side to the grave.

There are also other curious facts: among women divorce is most frequent at about twenty, twenty-seven, and thirty-eight; among men divorce seems to occur round about the thirtieth year, while there is another outbreak at the age of forty-three.

Now, all this means something. It opens some sort of window upon the state of marriage and the temperament of men and women. In the case of both sexes the divorces which take place after about a year of marriage are easily explained: these people married in a hurry, were unsuited, and should never have married at all.

Much more interesting, particularly in the case of women, are the divorces which take place round about the age of twenty-seven and after six or seven years of matrimony. These marriages are almost invariably broken up for what I ventured, in one of my novels, to call The Second Blooming.

What happens is that, after six years or so, the novelty goes out of marriage. The woman who married for romance has found dullness. Life goes on every day as it did. If she is about twenty-seven she is vital, very attractive, and more capable of love than when she was a young girl. Thus, in her dullness, another romance easily arises; she divorces her husband to marry another man.

It should be understood that in a matter like this money does not enter very much. People are fond of saying that women reproach their husbands if the latter do not make good. It is not true in the early days. A woman in love will invariably believe her husband talented, and will think that the whole world is allied to keep him down.

DIVORCES do not take place so much during the years of adversity as later on. When a young man and a young woman are struggling to establish themselves, trying to save a little, to make useful friends, they have a vivid common interest. They suffer, but they suffer together, and they are clearly united by their desires and ambitions much more than by their possessions.

But later, when they have made good, when they discover that what they have attained is not supreme, the accumulation of the narrow years, the past fretting, oppresses them. They feel cheated because they are not as happy as they expected to be. Thus divorce comes after adversity rather than in the middle of the struggle.

This partly accounts for divorces among women aged, say, thirty-eight. Very often the husband is about her own age, and he has succeeded slowly. The two have been married twenty years and there is no novelty in their relationship.

I have a case in mind where a woman said to me:

"My husband is president of his company. What have we to struggle for now? He has made money, and I have helped him. Now I can only help him to spend it, and it has been so hard getting there that I don't know how to spend. I only know how to save."

That is a common tragedy, and very often it is the wife who acts unwisely, forsakes her old partner, not because the new man is a better man but because the only thing she can buy is glamour.

IN women of thirty-eight we find the greatest capacity for what some call grand passions. Nowadays women approaching forty are still beautiful, more intelligent than young girls, and splendidly trained by habit to please and to conquer man. And they are driven by a powerful force: they are getting old. So now is the time to take what they can, to love and to be loved again.

Incidentally there is another cause for the divorce of women who approach forty. Many of these are sweetest of their sex; they have been unhappy with their husbands all their lives, but they have children, so they have tolerated their unhappiness for the sake of the children. They have kept a home for them, and now that the children are grown up they have done their duty, and divorce just to have a little freedom in their remaining years.

We said at the beginning of this article that the ages at which men apply for divorces correspond to a certain extent with the ages at which women break the matrimonial bond. The men who divorce at the age of thirty or so are not interesting. Most of them have been married four or five years, or even less; they divorce because they are tired of their wives, because they have fallen under the sway of a new attraction.

Nothing can be more commonplace. Much more interesting is the case of the man in the early forties, for it is he, not the young man of twenty-five, who suddenly decides that the world is worth losing for love, who abandons his partner of twenty years' standing, forsakes his children, breaks his career to run away with a ballet dancer or with the shingled young lady in the office.

The case of the man in the early forties is not as interesting as that of the woman four or five years his junior. What happens particularly in a man who has made his way in the world is that suddenly he turns against the endless labor which has put him where he is. He says to himself:

"For twenty-five years I have been at this office every day from ten to six, sometimes

The danger appears when a man turns into a millionaire. Suddenly he has access to the realms of the rich and the powerful; he meets well-bred and beautiful women, and he compares them with his old companion.

from nine to seven. I have taken work home. I have had conferences on Sunday. I have made money, yes, but am I going to spend my remaining twenty years in making more money? Just that?"

Then he realizes what he has lost; the light of pleasures of youth, easy romance; he realizes that soon it will be too late, and he does something desperate, just to have one last fling at youth.

When, the other day, a high official deserted his post for a saleslady the newspapers called it a "grand passion." Perhaps it was, but much more likely it was the case of an ageing man taking refuge in the arms of a girl against the inexorable approach of time.

In the case of men it is worth noting that sudden success often breaks up their married life. When a man of position goes bankrupt he is likely to turn to his wife to love him and comfort him, because she has loved and comforted him so long; in spite of privations these two are likely to be brought closer.

The danger appears rather when success comes suddenly, when a man by a whirl of the Wall Street wheel turns into a millionaire. Suddenly he has access to the realms of the rich and the powerful; he meets well-bred and beautiful women, and he compares them with his old companion.

She has had no time to develop graces; she is too old to evolve and to take her new position. A rich man can take a young girl from the lowest family, and she will generally be clever enough to suit herself to her new surroundings, but where two people rise together the man, thanks to his business contacts, develops by degrees, while the woman stays where she was, sentenced to the washtub.

So divorces come because the woman cannot rise swiftly after a long, dull life, and because the man is tempted to acquire a beautiful social wife, to add to his wealth a wife who will advertise him as a man who has made good.

This subject of divorce is a sad one, for it defines the situation of people who do not know how to handle their lives.

I DO not say that every marriage can be managed into success, but I do believe that almost any marriage can be made tolerable by mutual understanding and the attempt to realize each other's position. We are surrounded with people who make no allowances for each other, who are doing nothing to keep up their old love. For instance, I see among my notes the following cases:

The husband is very artistic, while his wife is a good housekeeper and no more. Yet he drags her with him to concerts, picture shows, and lectures. He is boring her, and never asks himself whether she is bored.

The wife is very frivolous, and constantly goes to dances with men or for moonlight picnics. The husband dislikes this intensely, but is too indolent either to join with her or to show his jealousy. So they are drifting apart.

I could give many such cases, and they would all come to the same thing: I have suggested that all these people, when they married, lighted a fire which could have warmed them through life, but not one of them seems to take the trouble to stoke that fire now and then, to put a log upon it when it flickers. And yet they will all be surprised if in the end by inevitable neglect the fire dies down, so that it will be too late to blow it into life again.

When divorce comes, as it may come, their crime will have been stated in two lines of Kipling:

" All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather more-or-less."

THE END

Solid Form
75c

Behold!
How Much More Your Eyes Can Say

Though your eyes may be pale, they become deep, dark pools of loveliness; expressive and ready tattlers of your thoughts—when they peer from beneath lashes made long and dark with wonderful Maybelline.

Today—try a drop of this liquid or a bit of the solid form. Then, behold how much more your eyes can say.

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EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Always a Way

Walter had been spoiled by various relatives who always gave him something to eat when he came to their homes. One day mamma was making a more formal call, and she informed Walter most emphatically that if he asked the lady for something to eat he surely would be punished when they returned home. Walter behaved like a little gentleman for about ten minutes. Suddenly, putting his hand up to his mouth, he called out in a loud stage whisper, "Mother, we forgot to bring along any cookies."—Mrs. G. C., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

Sick of the Income Tax

Harriet heard her father discuss the income tax on several successive evenings, always winding up with, "Oh, this income tax makes me sick!" or "I'm so sick of this income tax."

One evening the little kitten showed symptoms of having been poisoned by something it had eaten, and Harriet came crying into the sitting room. "Muvver," she called, "Kitty is sick; she's got the income tax, too."—J. W. S., Windsor, Vt.

* * *

Maybe It Needed a Rudder

Little John was walking home with me one afternoon while I was leading a bulldog on a leash. I unfastened the dog's collar and let him run on ahead. As most dogs, when running, run sideways, Brownie was no exception. John, noticing this fact, remarked, "Gee, that dog can't steer himself."—A. B. P., Watertown, N. Y.

* * *

When the Elephants Sang

Ruth was seeing her first parade and when the elephants came along, with the steam calliope following them, she became very restless. Finally her grandmother said, "What's the matter, Ruth?"

Ruth said, "Danny, let's do home, I don't like to hear elephants sing."—I. K. H., Rockford, Ill.

* * *

That Was Proof Positive

The other day I was teasing two of my brothers about girls. My youngest brother frequently goes to play with a little girl a short way from our home. So I told him that she was his sweetie. He indignantly got up and said, "She is not. I don't wash up when I go over there!"—E. T., Hillsboro, Ore.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 62

Bright EYES Are a Social Asset

All the world loves the joyous temperament, with its laughing lips and laughing EYES. Popularity comes easily to the woman with clear, bright vivacious EYES. They ever challenge attention—ever excite admiration.

EYES of alluring brightness are not fickle Fortune's gift. Rather, they result from proper care. Daily cleansing with *Murine* will keep *your* EYES free from irritating particles and promote a clear, bright, healthy condition. *Murine* contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

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Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. * * * J. W. Kobi Co., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Are Your Food Dollars Buying Health?

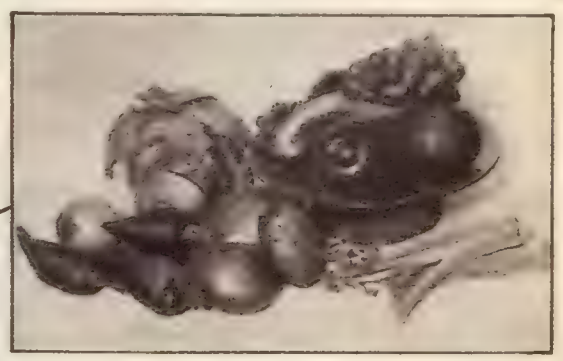
By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

STUDY to live to eat by eating to live. Scientists of nutrition agree that right eating will add happiness and years of usefulness to one's life, but that an improper diet will induce an early degeneration of tissue and consequently an early cessation of useful, vigorous activities. Statistics prove, in spite of a marked decrease in the death rate, that old age diseases develop in more youthful people each decade. Such old age diseases are now common in middle life. The effects of dietary transgressions are slow and cumulative. Their future menace is too remote to exert an immediate, insistent, corrective influence. So our perverted appetites may continue to guide us to a selection of the tempting and attractive, rather than the wholesome and nutritious foods, unless we consider. Spending the food allowance is a most important business, deserving of time and study.

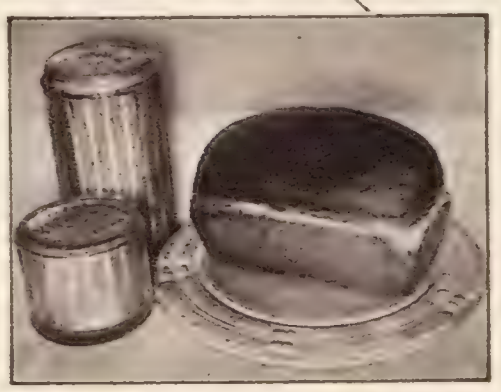
One-fifth, or less, of your food allowance for meat, fish, and eggs.

One-fifth, or less, for sugar, tea, coffee, chocolate, spices, flavoring.



One-fifth, or more, for fruits and vegetables of seasonal varieties.

One-fifth, or more, for milk, butter, and cheese, or other products from milk.



One-fifth, or more, of your food allowance should be spent for bread and cereals.

A satisfactory balanced diet is one which provides daily for all body needs by furnishing specific foodstuffs for each need in the right amount. In order to make this correct provision we must eat foods each day from each of five food groups: fruits and vegetables; milk, meats, fish, and eggs; cereals and bread; sweets; fats. We must also carefully govern the proportion of each of these foods, each to the other, and to the whole day's menu. No simpler, or more effective means of obtaining this proportion has been devised than that promulgated by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in which a close check on the out-going food dollars is strictly urged. Assuming your total food expenditures, your food allowance, to be five-fifths, then proceed to divide your money as follows:

Use one-fifth, or more, for vegetables and fruits (varieties in season).

Use one-fifth, or more, for milk and cheese.

Use one-fifth, or less, for meat, fish, eggs, etc.

Use one-fifth, or more, for bread and cereals.

Use one-fifth, or less, for sugar, fat, coffee, tea, chocolate, spices, and flavoring.

A BALANCED MENU

Consomme
Stuffed Meat Loaf with Tomato Sauce Coleslaw
Bran Muffins Butter Rhubarb Conserve
Cake Tapioca Cream

Consomme (for One Quart)

- 1 pound of lean beef, ground
- 1 pound of veal knuckle bone
- 1¼ quarts cold water
- 2 peppercorns
- 1 clove
- ½ teaspoon sweet herbs (thyme, marjoram), sprig of parsley
- 1 tablespoon each of chopped celery, carrot, and onion
- 1 teaspoon salt

BROWN one-fourth to one-half of the meat to produce a brown stock and improve the flavor. Soak the meat and bone in the cold water for thirty minutes or more before cooking, to extract the juices. Add the browned meat and heat gradually to simmering (190° F.). Skim off any scum formation. Simmer (do not boil) for three or four hours to extract completely the flavor of the meat. (Fireless cookers are excellent for soups.) Add the spices, herbs, and vegetables thirty to sixty minutes before removing from the fire. Strain through several thicknesses of cheese cloth, placed in a sieve. Cool the soup quickly to insure keeping, and remove the fat layer completely. Take off the clear stock, or jelly, reserving the lower portion and sediment for gravy. The stock may be further clarified by adding one slightly beaten egg white, as the stock liquefies on heating. Boil two to five minutes. Add one cup cold water and let settle as for coffee. Strain again before serving.

Stuffed Meat Loaf (for Six)

- 2 pounds chopped beef
- ½ onion, grated
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

MIX ingredients thoroughly. Place three-fourths of the mixture on greased baking dish, and shape it into a loaf with a cavity in the center. Fill cavity with potato stuffing. Put remainder of mixture on top and cover the stuffing. Place in a hot oven (450° F.) for thirty to forty-five minutes.

Potato Stuffing

- 2 cups dry mashed potatoes
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 small onion, grated
- 1 tablespoon fat
- ½ teaspoon celery salt
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Few grains pepper

MIX the ingredients thoroughly and use for stuffing.

Tomato Sauce

- 2 cups tomatoes
- 1 cup water
- 2 cloves
- 3 allspice berries
- 3 peppercorns
- ¼ chopped green pepper
- 2 sprays parsley
- 3 tablespoons fat
- 2 slices onion
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt

SIMMER the first six ingredients for fifteen to twenty minutes. Brown the onion in the fat. Remove from fire and add flour and salt. Add tomato mixture slowly. Boil and stir for ten minutes. Strain and serve hot.

Coleslaw

- ¼ cup vinegar
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 tablespoons cream
- 3 cups cabbage

HEAT the vinegar and seasonings to boiling. Beat the eggs and slowly stir in the hot vinegar mixture. Cook over water until mixture thickens. Add the cream and pour dressing, while hot, over the cabbage. Serve when cold.

Bran Muffins (Twelve Muffins)

- 1½ cups bran
- 1½ cups flour
- 6 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons of butter, melted

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, except the bran. Slowly and lightly stir in the mixture of milk and melted butter. Place in greased muffin tins and bake for fifteen to twenty minutes in a moderate oven (375° F.).

Rhubarb Conserve

- 1 pound rhubarb
- ¼ cup raisins
- 1 cup water
- 2 oranges
- ¼ cup of chopped nuts
- 1¼ cups sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt

WASH the rhubarb but do not remove the peel unless it is tough and coarse. Cut the stalks in pieces. Add the orange juice, whole orange peel, raisins, and water, and simmer five minutes. Add sugar, nuts, and salt and cook until the mixture has the consistency of marmalade. Discard the orange peel. Pour into glasses. When cool, seal as for jelly.

Tapioca Cream

- 1 pint milk
- 2 tablespoons granulated tapioca
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 egg whites
- ½ teaspoon vanilla, or ½ teaspoon nutmeg, plus ¼ teaspoon lemon plus ¼ teaspoon vanilla

MIX the milk, tapioca, and salt and cook over water for thirty minutes. Mix beaten egg yolks with the sugar and beat until creamy. Slowly add the egg yolk mixture to the hot milk, stirring constantly. Stir over hot, not boiling, water for one to two minutes, or until the mixture coats the spoon. Pour this slowly into the stiffly-beaten egg whites and continue beating with a Dover beater until whole mixture is creamy. Add vanilla. Serve cold with or without cream.

LET 'ER BUCK

A Motion Picture Review by ALVA TAYLOR

Marian Nixon, Hoot Gibson, and Josie Sedgwick talk it over in Let 'Er Buck.

WHY is it that western pictures are such fun? I've never seen one that I haven't enjoyed. Yet the stories are often feeble and the construction of the pictures more so. Let 'Er Buck, by the way, Hoot Gibson's latest, doesn't suffer from either of these defects. But if it had I'd have liked it anyway.

Because, for one reason, it has Hoot Gibson. And for another reason it is a picture of the wild and woolly West, with a villain who is "as popular as a rattlesnake," bucking bronchos, a hero whom no one can lick, shootin', and all the trimmings that go with a proper drama of the plains.

There is some instinct in all of us, I think, which demands to know that in spite of all adversity everything will come out all right in the end. In no type of picture more than in a western one does this craving so easily find itself satisfied. In any other kind of film I sometimes find myself worrying, just a little bit, when the hero or heroine gets into a hole. But when I see Hoot Gibson tied hands and feet, locked up in a lonely cabin ten miles or more from where he is supposed to be at a certain time, I haven't the slightest fear that he won't get there.

It's the *naïveté* of the western dramas that is satisfying also. No one worries about whether the story is logical, or whether such a thing might really happen or not. As long as there is someone in the picture who wants to get someone else out of the way, and as long as there is a pretty girl or so in a fringed leather riding skirt, who can ride as well as any cowboy, the audience doesn't worry. As long as Hoot Gibson, or whoever the western hero may be, has a chance to knock a man or two onto the ground, and as long as there is a good share of shooting all round, no one cares whether the psychology of the picture is according to life and reason or not.

This especial Hoot Gibson feature issued by Universal is exceedingly entertaining and above the average. There is not only Hoot himself, but pretty little Marian Nixon, one time a Tom Mix leading lady. There is another pretty young woman, Josie Sedgwick, who wears the fringed riding skirt, in this case, and a cowboy hat, and has a swagger and a way with horses that entirely satisfies.

In this picture Hoot is a foreman on the Texas ranch of the heroine's father, a southern gentleman who enjoys Texas mint juleps as well as a fast race horse. Hoot and Marian are in love. Marian's cousin, villain number one, desiring to see Hoot far removed, tricks the latter into thinking he has shot the cousin in a pistol duel, forcing him to flee the State.

Hoot makes his way to Oregon, where he gets a job on Josie Sedgwick's ranch, the Triple X. She has him scheduled to drive her team in the chariot race in the annual round-up. But the Texas Colonel turns up with a competing team, and he and his daughter and her cousin are to be the guests of the Triple X.

Hoot sees that he really hasn't killed villain number one. There are various complications, in which villains number one and two try to dispose of Mr. Gibson, but fail. Josie Sedgwick also falls in love with Hoot, but surrenders him to Marian in the end, and everything, of course, as hinted above, comes out quite all right.

LET 'ER BUCK

Directed by Edward Sedgwick
Produced by Universal

THE CAST:

Bob Carson	*Hoot Gibson*
Jacqueline McCall	*Marian Nixon*
Col. Jeff McCall	*Charles K. French*
James Ralston	*G. Raymond Nye*
Kent Crosby	*William Steele*
Miss Mabel Thompson	*Josie Sedgwick*
Sheriff	*Fred Humes*

Next Week: DICK TURPIN
A Fox Production Featuring Tom Mix

Four in the Same Boat—Devil's Cargo

E. R. Richee Photos

THE LEADING PART in Paramount's new adventure film, Devil's Cargo, has been awarded to the wistful-eyed Pauline Starke.

KID PARTS outgrown, Buster Collier is the sure enough leading man with long hair and a sword and a "have at thee!" for the sake of the fair lady—in this particular instance, the aforementioned Miss Starke.

PARAMOUNT thinks nothing of tossing a flock of stars into a picture. Claire Adams, who used to be rescued by Tom Mix twice a reel, is supporting Pauline.

YO HO and all the necessary bottles of rum. Raymond Hatton, one of the best character actors on the screen, is a sailor, wide trousers and all, in this most venturesome film.

CAPTIONS
by
ALVA TAYLOR

GOOD TROUPER

Joe knew, without turning, that Lorraine was wearing the scanty costume of her final number. On a couch in

I.

BACKSTAGE was the twilight interlude between the second and third acts. From out front came the last orchestral measures of the melody that had lowered the curtain. The unbelievable gamins of the chorus, half-naked and unhooking perilous costumes, scuttered up the narrow iron stairs to the dressing rooms. A blase stage electrician growled a warning as one of them tripped over a tape-bound wire.

Long, slim ropes smacked smartly against the canvas flats as stage hands performed the deft magic transposing the scene aboard the ocean liner to an artist's studio in New York. Across the hushed activity came the voice of the blonde soprano heroine.

"Mi-mi-mi-mi-i-i!" she sang. She had studied for grand opera and coddled her throat. Always she was warming up her high notes.

The comedian sat before the long mirror in the star dressing room, which was his, brushing up the wistful lift to his eyebrows that made audiences reach across the footlights with their smiling sympathy. He wore an undershirt and the gaudy, striped trousers of the comical tourist on the ocean liner. And a pearl gray derby. As he dabbed at the wistful eyebrows he sang mournfully:

"Hit's the sime the 'ole wor-rld over:
Hit's the poor as gets the blime——"

A woman's voice, low and timorous, at the half-open dressing room door.

"Are you decent, Joe?"—an ancient vaudeville formality, to ask if he was sufficiently clothed for a visit.

"Come on in, Lorrie, darling. I got my derby on and everything."

Joe Welton knew, without turning, that Lorraine Strickland was wearing the scanty costume of her final number—a mad East Indian dance.

"You ought to be careful, Lorrie," he said, "going around in that drag. There's all kinds of drafts backstage. Why don't you wear a bathrobe or something during the wait?"

On a couch in back of him, she absently pulled the gossamer folds of a transparent skirt over her bare, rouged knees. Her black hair was coarse and glistening with pomade. Her eyes were black, too. They brooded in their frame of painted shadow.

Outside the blonde soprano still made experiment with her too-sure voice. "Mi-mi-mi-mi-i-i——"

"That babe gives me the heebie-jeebies," declared the comedian. "I catch her clearing her throat like that while I'm out there trying to make 'em laugh."

Her brooding eyes were on the exaggerated rings that bound her long fingers.

"What's the matter, Lorrie?" He was giving the eyebrows a final scrutiny. "Usually you do a good straight for me when I'm panning our fellow Thespians."

He turned. Then he got quickly to his feet and went over to her. Tears clung to the greasy soot on her lashes and slipped smoothly down the oily surface of her make-up.

"It's all right, Joe," her voice was very low. "I'm just tired, I guess."

"Come on, old girl——" he patted her shoulder. "You're too good a trouper to cry just because you're tired."

"It's no use, Joe," she smiled and shook her head. "I'm just about ready to hand in my notice."

"Oh, gee, Lorrie, you can't do that!" he exclaimed. "It'd kill the show!"

"That's nice to say, Joe. But you know it's not true. There's twenty girls ready to go on and do my stuff."

"Sure! And I'm ready to step right into Barrymore's job. You ain't serious, Lorrie?"

She nodded.

"It ain't temp'r'ment?"

"You know I never pull that temp'r'ment gag"—her voice was aggrieved—"unless I want to put something over on the producers. It's the whole racket that's getting me. I'm getting so when I dance it doesn't make any

The Sprightly Story of a Broadway Dancing Girl Who Went Out Where the West Begins and Gave It a New Start!

back of him, she absently pulled the gossamer folds of a transparent skirt over her bare, rouged knees.

By
WALLACE SMITH

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

difference whether they get me out there in front. And it's got to make a difference, hasn't it? Most of all, I think I'm getting to hate being a stage girl."

This was sacrilege. The wistful eyebrows were shocked.

"I don't mean just that," she put in quickly. "But you know how it is when a girl's on the stage. Men, and women, too, think things. Men think it gives them the right to paw you over and wise-crack at you—and the rest of it. I thought I was used to it. But it's got me. And I'm through—for a while, at least. I've made up my mind. You may get a laugh out of it. But I'm going out West. Out where I can breathe good, clean air——"

"I know the rest of that gag," Welton interrupted. "'Out in the great, open spaces; where the West begins; where men are men.' That's the apple sauce."

"Maybe so," answered Lorrie. "But maybe it's true. A lot of those whiskery old gags are true. Like 'honesty is the best policy,' and things like that. We try to laugh them off, but there comes a day when we find out they stand up. And maybe it's true about this West business.

"Just think, Joe. I haven't been off Broadway for five years. I've always been proud of that. But now I wonder if I haven't been a big-time rube and missing the best of my life. I'm going to find out. That uncle of mine who's got a ranch in Oregon and a girl just my age, has been wanting me to visit him for a long time. His prayer's going to be answered."

TWO weeks later one of the twenty other girls was in Lorrie Strickland's place in the show. The difference was woeful. The owners of the show despaired. The comedian star felt lost.

Lorrie herself was just getting used to the thought that she needn't hurry to the theater. She had been looking all day at the monotonous swelling of Nebraska farm land. It was still Nebraska at evening when she sat in the dining car and marveled at the endless green vista stretching to the horizon.

"I never knew," Lorrie told herself, "that there was this much geography in the world."

There was more of it laid out for her when the luxurious Portland Limited made its brief, disdainful pause at the little station where Dan Strickland waited for his niece. Strickland had driven across forty-five miles of it in his big racing car. Forty-five miles from the home ranch at Eagle Mountain to the railroad.

Scarcely distant enough to suit Uncle Dan Strickland. He was an old-timer and the friendly nickname told something of the regard in which he was held. Contact with the world had confirmed his native simplicity. Close to sixty, there was an erectness to his lean back that came from the saddle and never from the slouchy cushions of his racing car. He was the owner of one of the last of the great cattle ranches.

At the home ranch, between occasional adventures into the world of cities, Uncle Dan lived with his daughter, Myrtle. She had been East to school. She had returned from a visit in Europe at the death of her mother and had remained at the ranch.

Uncle Dan wondered about his arriving niece. Especially why she had written him that she wanted to forget—and have everybody else forget—that she was on the stage.

He was a little surprised when Lorrie stepped from the train. She wore a plain traveling suit of Oxford gray. If there was any make-up, it evaded his shrewd eyes. She looked like any young woman traveling, he decided, only much neater and much more beautiful.

"It sure is immense to see you, Lorrie," he greeted her. "But I swear I didn't recognize you right off."

"I'll bet you figured I'd come dancing off

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

All Girls—All Women

May now use my helps to youth and beauty.

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I am considered a supreme example of what may be done to multiply beauty and perpetuate youth. I made myself a famous beauty, attained a glorious career. And now, at a grandmother's age, I keep my youthful bloom. Countless debutantes who see me daily on the stage envy my hair and complexion.

Just because I searched the world for 40 years to find the best that science offers, and I found it. Now I offer those identical helps to all. Druggists and toilet counters everywhere supply them. And I am taking time in my busy life to urge you to try them at my cost.

My Skin

My Facial Youth—a liquid cleanser—is one factor that I found in France. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. All that soils or clogs the skin goes with it. A clean skin is all-important. But I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this Facial Youth.

My Youth Cream is a many-year development. I found the basis in France, but other experts have added much. Now it contains many ingredients, including products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One for night and one for day. My skin is never without it. I wish every woman could discover what this Youth Cream can do.

White Youth Clay

Clay has for ages been women's greatest help. Girls or women who omit it can never hope to compete with women who employ it. But not the crude and muddy clays of old. The clay I use is the final result of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. And it combines many great helps in a single application.

My White Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to create that rosy afterglow. Many women in 30 minutes seem to drop ten years.

I cannot conceive of a woman omitting White Youth Clay when she once sees what it does. Let me help you find that out.

Lovely Hair

My hair is my greatest glory. It is thick, lustrous, luxuriant, finer far than 40 years ago. I have never known falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray.

I owe this largely to French experts, but others have in years since added many factors. Now I believe that my Hair Youth embodies the greatest hair help in existence. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. There it combats all that clogs and stifles hair roots. It tones and stimulates. It causes hair to thrive as flowers thrive through right cultivation.

I know that every woman who sees my hair will wish to try Hair Youth.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's aids to youth and beauty, exactly as I use them. I will gladly send you a sample of any if you will mail this coupon. Do this for your own sake—now. My Beauty Book will come with it.

YOUR CHOICE FREE

Insert your name and address. Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 906-L

☐ White Youth Clay ☐ Youth Cream
☐ Facial Youth ☐ Hair Youth

Name.....

Address.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

the train," she retorted, "with the property cymbals and the snappy East Indian costume."

"I reckon I was figuring just that way," he grinned. "What a darned old fool I'm turning out to be!"

HIS keen old eyes made a new survey of his dark, beautiful niece.

"You've done mighty good back there, ain't you?" he asked.

"I wonder," she replied. And then, lest this sound too enigmatic, she added, "Oh, sure; I've been a panic."

When they settled down in the cushions for the ride to the ranch she noticed a rifle in a scabbard, strapped where it would be handy to the man at the wheel.

"That cheers me up," she laughed. "It looks like the real wild West."

"Oh, it ain't so wild as all that," responded Uncle Dan. "It's more an old habit than anything else, toting a gun these days."

He warned her that the ranch was shy of womenfolk. Just his housekeeper, who was more like a relative, what with her grumbling about meals at all hours. Even Myrtle wasn't there now. She'd gone up to Portland to help a friend get married. She was awfully anxious for Lorrie's visit, even if she didn't say much. That was her way.

The home ranch snuggled at the base of Eagle Mountain. The vast darkness of the jagged hills seemed to lean over the stout building where the housekeeper waited supper, grumbling a little at Uncle Dan for being late. He winked at Lorrie.

As they finished their meal in a big, dark-paneled room, under the resentful glare of a veteran grizzly's mounted head, the Mexican houseboy spoke to Uncle Dan.

"It's only Bob Harkness, my foreman," explained the rancher. "Wants to report some, I reckon. It's about the end of the round-up, but we're still pretty busy."

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am, I'm sure," said Bob Harkness—and blushed. She smiled at this boyish trick, and then found that her smile was one of pleased discovery.

"I'll just go out and look at the moon," she announced, "while you men talk business."

"I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it," said Lorrie to the shadow of Eagle Mountain. "A real blush—not out of the paint stick marked Juvenile Robust No. 7. A blushing, six-foot man, with shoulders and a sombrero and boots. That's the kind of a man I've been hoping to see—and I was too damn wise to believe there was one left."

Later, under a red-and-white-checked crazy quilt, the star of Broadway slept as she had not slept for many months.

When Lorrie came in from the veranda the next evening Harkness, the big foreman, was just completing his daily report. Rather a serious and puzzling one, from the expression on the men's faces when she entered. Their manner changed with guilty haste. After a while she played the piano for them. New, tinkling things from Broadway's latest shows. Then old, familiar airs in which memories mingled with the melody.

Before the foreman left the house he had promised to use the lazy Sunday following to take her cross-country riding. As she said good night to Uncle Dan he spoke to her casually of Harkness. A shade too casually, she decided.

"Being one of the family," he said. "I'm right glad you like Bob. And I don't mind telling you I've kind o' hoped he and Myrtle would hit it off and get married up.

"Of course, I ain't talked to Myrtle about it. She ain't the kind you could talk things like that with. And that galoot, Bob, is so blamed bashful I reckon he'd have to be roped and hog-tied to talk to him about a girl and matrimony and such."

Under the red-and-white checks of the crazy quilt she wondered over the too casual confidence of the old rancher:

"Is Uncle Dan worried that I might fall for this broncho-busting buckaroo and gently tipping me to lay off? No; I don't think Uncle Dan could be that way. I'll just put it down that he loves this daughter of his and wants her to be happy, and he tells me because he knows I'm a good trouper and he can talk to me. I'm getting a little curious about this Myrtle girl, though."

II.

WHEN Harkness took Lorrie riding she noticed first that he wore a new green neckerchief. Then, that he carried a revolver hung from a heavy cartridge belt. He was not so bashful on a horse, but he was inclined to silence as they took the long trail up Eagle Mountain.

Lorrie knew ways of making men talk, even when she wasn't much interested. And she was interested in the things that this silent man might tell her. She even attempted to talk about Myrtle.

"Miss Myrtle sure can ride a horse high, wide, and handsome," he said, and that was all. But his manner said more to Lorrie. About other things he was talking easily enough before the climb was half done. Stories of the wide range, the friendly hills, and the big forests.

Their horses hesitated at the base of a narrow trail near the ridge of the mountain. A trail scarcely wide enough for one horse,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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—created, NOT just made

If any confection for you will do, Almond Roca isn't for you! It is a confection created—NOT just made! It is for those who would search the by-ways for the unusual and travel the highways to obtain it. It comes of neither the chocolate nor hard candy family. We, however, shan't prove ourselves insipid by attempting its description. For a dollar and a half, you may obtain a package; and, if you don't declare it the most wonderful confection you ever tasted, mail us the empty package and we'll mail you back your money. East of the Rockies (our distribution isn't yet complete) you may not readily find it. If so, address us direct, including your dealer's name, and we shall supply the first package post paid and fill future orders through him * * * * * * *

BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect*, Tacoma, Wash.

Almond Roca

"An Extraordinary Confection"

Happy Days

Start this way.
A simple glass of water with a sparkle in it.

This is the way to keep at your best. To always be fit and be cheerful.

On rising, drink a glass of water, hot or cold. That washes the stomach and prepares you for breakfast.

Add to that water a little Jad Salts. That makes it sparkling and delightful. Jad Salts are made from the acids of lemon and grape combined with lithia.

Then behold. In one hour comes elimination of poisons and waste matter. Of all that depresses and makes you unfit.

The day changes entirely. You become happy, energetic. You feel like a child of ten.

It's a wonderful experience. It is saving dull, unhappy days to millions.

No matter about the serious diseases which come from constipation. Learn the joy which comes in one hour from relief.

For tomorrow's sake, ask your druggist for Jad Salts today.

Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.
New York

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

stretching almost straight up between walls of rock, across the backbone of the ridge.

"The parade stops here," said Harkness. "This is Lean Dog Pass. Far as we go—all out.

"Uncle Dan would scalp me a lot if he knew I told you," he explained, "but we're fixing to tangle up soon with some of these cattle rustlers like I've been telling you about. You remember the first night you came, I reported to Uncle Dan? And the other night when you played the piano? Well, I was telling him how we'd finally got trail of the gang that's been lifting his prize stock.

"And that trail's the one your horse is standing on right now—Lean Dog Pass. Yonder where it leads is the Bad Lands, and they aren't misnamed a little bit."

"Great!" she exclaimed. "Maybe if we wait here we'll catch one of the bad men!"

"Not much chance," he smiled at her excitement. "One of the funny things about the whole deal is that someone is keeping them posted on what we're doing. And as soon as we found where they were running the cattle they stopped and laid low. We're surer than fate that someone living right in these parts—maybe someone who was working on the ranch during the round-up—is in cahoots with the gang."

Riding back, Lorrie assailed him with questions. It was right queer, he told her, how these cattle thieves used the Bad Lands back of Eagle Mountain because years ago another band had made the district notorious.

Back of Lean Dog Pass was unmapped country and, deep in it, a natural corral where a thousand head of cattle could be hidden. And it was just like being in a fort. One man could hold the narrow trail of Lean Dog Pass against twenty.

Harkness and Uncle Dan, it appeared, had about decided that the informer of the rustlers was one called Frenchy Dupont, a man vaguely known to have come across the Canadian border and definitely known to be a great hand with a rope.

WHEN Myrtle came home Lorrie thought she knew why this girl chose to live on the ranch. She sensed quickly the tragedy of a wan personality. Myrtle was cordial enough, but even in her own living room her smile was shy and frightened, and she seemed eager to efface herself. Lorrie was sure, too, that she knew much more than Uncle Dan about his daughter's feeling for the big foreman—more than Harkness; perhaps more than Myrtle herself.

Lorrie explained it all to herself and the vivid crazy quilt.

"Poor kid! She's just daffy about this Harkness party—same as he's tumbled hard for her. If she only had the wallop she could make him in one punch.

"As for those new clothes she's featuring—she can't fool Cousin Lorrie. She didn't lam to Portland to stand by a marrying friend. She went to dress up her act before the Broadway hussy could stampede the ranch. So's the actorine from the gay White Way wouldn't show her up in front of her heavy lover. He's her one big chance that she can't go wrong on and—enter the ten-twenty-thirty vampire, R. U. E., to crab her act. Gosh, how she must hate me! Poor kid!

"Bless her heart," she added, drowsily. "We'll have to hop up the boy friend, if only for Uncle Dan's sake."

It wasn't easy to make friends with Myrtle. Not even for one so expert as Lorrie. The girl's timidity made friendship an elusive pursuit. It was not helped by the other thing Lorrie had guessed: the girl's jealousy. A fierce, pallid jealousy; no less devastating because it was denied outright expression.

Lorrie's pity was tinged with admiration when she saw Myrtle on a horse. In the saddle, Uncle Dan's daughter was a lithe, young Valkyrie. She rode a beautiful brute of a buckskin, a big horse with a killer's reputation. Merely mounting him was an equestrian feat.

Lorrie and Myrtle went riding together. Vainly Lorrie tried to breach the other's reserve with confidences and invitations to confidences. Sometimes Harkness rode with them. These were grimly silent rides that baffled Lorrie's attempted garrulities. Always there was between them the wraith of Myrtle's diffidence and the pale specter of her jealousy.

Once Myrtle flung her buckskin flat-footed at a five foot fence and cleared it with a perilous scramble.

"Which is her way of saying what she thinks of me," Lorrie commented. "I wonder if a good cry wouldn't help her."

THE next Sunday Myrtle withdrew from a ride they had planned with Harkness and Uncle Dan. She made the excuse that her buckskin was lame. She would ride no other horse. It ended with Lorrie and Harkness heading alone toward Lean Dog Pass.

"If she suspects me," said Lorrie, "it just shows what bum technique she has. Leaving me alone with the heavy john. I wonder if I shouldn't talk cold turkey to him."

She was so preoccupied with Myrtle's silent tragedy that it was a little while before she noticed that Harkness was regarding her with strange intentness.

"The boy friend certainly is staking himself to an eyeful," Lorrie observed. "Wonder what's on his mind? He's never done this way before."

She didn't wonder long.

"It must be pretty gay times in New York," said the boy friend.

"You'd be surprised," replied Lorrie. "And maybe even nonplussed."

"What with all the goings-on," continued Harkness, "and the gay White Way, like they call it."

"What's the idea, Bob? Why these cracks about Broadway?"

"Aren't you a dancer?"

"Not *a* dancer—*the* dancer," responded Lorrie. "But who told you?"

Bob blushed.

"Was it Myrtle?" she demanded.

"Well, in a way, yes, ma'am," he replied. "But I asked her. You see, I picked up a magazine in the bunkhouse with pictures of actresses in it. One of the pictures had your name on it. If it hadn't been for that I wouldn't have known it was you. I got to thinking and I reckon you figure we're pretty slow. I'll bet you're laughing at us all the time."

"Take two more guesses," she answered.

At the foot of the narrow trail of Lean Dog Pass they halted. Lorrie's eyes, brooding as they had not been since she reached Uncle Dan's ranch, absently scanned the narrow, rock-walled trail.

Harkness leaned swiftly from his saddle. His long arm went around her. The edge of his sombrero crushed hers as he tried to kiss her. Lorrie jerked her horse away so quickly that it stumbled. Her chief emotion was surprise. Many men had tried this clumsy trick. But this one!

Lorrie leaned back in the saddle—and laughed. The histrionic pattern of a laugh. But there was bitterness in it. The old price men placed on her calling. Even this tall, wiry, blushing rider. Out where men were men. Lorrie was laughing bitterly at her own shattered sentimentality. Harkness couldn't tell that.

The stiffness had gone out of his back. There was color high on his dark cheeks. His head hung like the head of an offending but stubborn boy. A man may be prepared for an indignant repulse of such an advance as he had made. But a laugh—and such a hearty one!

"You big clown!" she said.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," his contrition was quick. "I reckon you think I'm mighty low down."

"No; it's only that you've turned out to be just like the rest," she said. "I'm the one who's the sap. Trying to make that gag stand up about men being men in the great, open spaces."

She started down the trail toward the ranch. Several lengths in back of her rode Harkness, crestfallen.

"He muffed that last one," she charged. "Isn't it just like me, when the cue calls for drama, to try to pull a nifty?"

It was like her, too, to start feeling sorry for the penitent horseman. But she had been disappointed and disturbed.

"I'll just take one more chance," she resolved. "My head isn't shaped funny this way for nothing. I'll build this six-foot cow wrestler into a Romeo for Myrtle if I've got to be downright unladylike about it. If it works, it'll be a wow! If it doesn't—Oh, well, Myrtle will think I'm a licked rival, anyway."

SHE pulled in her horse and waited for him to come up. Harkness was puzzled. Her smile reassured him.

She let him wonder a little about her changing mood before she spoke.

"Bob, I'm going to talk turkey to you—cold turkey," she said. "That means, in theater language, that I'm not going to beat around the bush. You and I are going to dish the dirt in plain words. Not like a man and woman talking at all, but like friends—like good troupers. That's more theater talk. It means plenty.

"A good trouper is a good fellow and something more. Oh, a lot more. A good trouper is the same, rain or shine, but mostly rain. Taking the bad breaks with a laugh and not putting on the high hat when a streak of luck comes.

"Back on Broadway they call me a good trouper and I'm as proud of that as I'll ever be of anything."

"Miss Lorrie, I'll do anything you want," he assured her. "I'm plumb ashamed. Anything to show you—to show you that I can be a good trouper, too."

"I'm glad you said that," she responded. "Because I'm going to ask you to do something. And it's going to be pretty tough. Now, pay attention: you like Myrtle, don't you?"

He wasn't prepared for this. He hesitated.

"Remember, we're talking turkey," she reminded him. "Like good troupers."

"Miss Lorrie, ma'am, I worship Miss Myrtle—that's the turkey of it."

"You want to marry her, don't you?"

Again he hesitated, but she didn't have to coax him this time.

"She's too good for me. I'm only a plain hired hand and she's——"

"I could've answered that riddle myself," she cut in. She didn't like to see him so abject. "She's all educated up and everything. Been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

to Europe and been riding in the choo-choo cars.

"Listen, Bob. Suppose I told you that Uncle Dan would rather see Myrtle and you married than see those cattle rustlers doing a buck-and-wing with no stage under them and a rope around their necks?"

"I'd believe it, Miss Lorrie," his words were deliberate, "because you told me so."

"That's the right answer. And suppose I just kind of hinted that Myrtle takes after her dad in that respect? Now, don't blush that way! Remember, we're just two good troupers talking—only you've still got to show me what kind of a trouper you are."

"What do you want me to do? I'll do anything you say. Just tell me."

"I want you to go right up to Myrtle the first chance you get and tell her how you feel about her—what you just told me."

"Oh, Lordy!"

"Remember, you promised me."

He was stunned. Not until they were coming in sight of the ranch did he answer. Then he drew a deep breath.

"I'll just go you!"

III.

NEXT morning Myrtle was not at breakfast. She had gone for a ride at sunrise. Toward Lean Dog Pass, the Mexican boy said.

"Wish she wouldn't ride up that way alone," said Uncle Dan. "Have you noticed where Myrtle's been kind of sad lately, Lorrie?"

She was saved an answer by the arrival of the houseboy and, right in back of him, Harkness. The big foreman was buckling on his cartridge belt as he came in.

"That Frenchy Dupont's fixing to make a getaway," cried Harkness. "He's over to the blacksmith shop and his horse is saddled."

Uncle Dan was strapping on a revolver. As he started for the door, he turned to Lorrie.

"Stay here at the house," he ordered. "We're going to arrest a man. They's no danger, only I don't want you to take chances."

She was watching from the front porch, though, when Uncle Dan and Harkness hurried toward the blacksmith shop, two hundred yards away. As they neared it they separated. She saw Uncle Dan stumble and fall. As he dropped the smack of a rifle shot struck Lorrie's ears. It reminded her of the sound a carpet beater would make being struck against a carpet. Then another smack.

It did not seem real, even when she saw Frenchy Dupont leap from the door of the blacksmith shop and into the saddle of his plunging horse. She heard another smack—another. She saw Bob Harkness with his gun hand leveled. Dupont was riding for the hills, still bent forward on his horse.

Harkness turned back to Uncle Dan, lying in the dust. Men ran to the spot from other buildings. Five or six of them. Bob leaned over and picked up Uncle Dan. The others hurried to the corrals.

She ran to meet Harkness. Uncle Dan's left leg hung crazily awry. Blood was soaking into the dust of his breeches. Bob carried him to his bed and cut away the boot.

"Leg's broke," he reported to Lorrie. "Better telephone to town for the doctor. Can you take care of him till the doctor gets here? We've got to round up Dupont."

"But you've been hurt. There's blood on your shoulder."

"That's from toting Uncle Dan," he replied.

"Go and get him, Bob," ordered Uncle Dan from the bed.

Outside they were bringing Bob's horse and calling to him. Six men of the ranch, with rifles and revolvers, were in their saddles. She followed Harkness when he left Uncle Dan's bedroom. She saw that there was no blush when she spoke to him now. If it hadn't been for the hue of the weather she would have thought him pale. Later she understood this.

"Bob, you're getting a great break," she said. "I didn't want to say anything in front of Uncle Dan. He'll think of it soon enough and we'll have a raving maniac on our hands. Dupont was riding for Lean Dog Pass, wasn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am; he's making for that little trail and the Bad Lands yonder. We've got to beat him up there."

"This is your big chance, Bob," said Lorrie. "Myrtle's up there at Lean Dog Pass—alone."

There was no mistaking the pallor now. He steadied himself quickly. She held out her hand to him. Later she thought the gesture was a little melodramatic. But it seemed all right then. He took it.

"Do your stuff," she said.

Bob had lied to her about the blood on his shoulder. He had been hit. It made him a little giddy when he walked to his horse. But once in the saddle he braced himself. His horse was far in the lead when the ranch posse galloped away on the race for Lean Dog Pass. He kept it there, although every beat of the racing hoofs was pounding in the raw wound. When a stiff rise caused the horse to jolt and slacken its killing run Bob groaned and held to the pommel of the saddle.

"Got to do my stuff," he muttered. "Got to be a good trouper."

Back of him the yells of the posse sounded faint. They were bunched far in the rear. He struggled to clear his vision. Far up the trail, where the wind-scourged trees thinned out, he could see the tip of the steep trail.

"He ain't made it yet," he assured himself thickly. There was only a dull throbbing at his arm now. He was swaying from side to side in the saddle. He wondered if he could keep his feet if he had to dismount. There was no feeling in his legs. He was riding in a nightmare.

AT the tip of the trail his fogged eyes saw the big buckskin feeling his way down the hazardous footing. Head down as if in thought, Myrtle walked, leading her mount. Walking straight into the path of the renegade—a man who was eager to murder to keep that path clear.

With an effort Bob lifted his legs and drove the spurs against the ribs of his spent horse.

Part of what followed Lorrie heard from Myrtle. But not until after the busy doctor had announced that Bob Harkness, while in a bad way, had better than an even chance to recover. Especially, said the doctor, with such a lovely nurse—and had beamed on Myrtle.

"When I saw Dupont coming up the trail," Myrtle narrated later, "I thought, of course, that Dad had sent him after me. Then I noticed that his horse was limping badly. And I heard Dupont sobbing. His horse fell down and didn't get up. Dupont came out of the saddle toward me."

"'You have save' my life!' he said, and at the same time pulled out his revolver. Before I could get over my surprise he had me. By the time I started to fight my hands were roped behind me.

"'As long as you are wit' me,' he said, 'nothin' can happen to Frenchy Dupont.'

"He was still sobbing, but laughing at the same time. I thought he had gone crazy.

"'No, no!' he said. 'Frenchy Dupont ain't crazy. You go wit' me to Bad Lands and maybe Strickland he pays more to get his daughter back as Frenchy could make borrowing the cows. If not——'

"I began to realize then what was happening. He began to drag me up the trail and I tried to bite him. Then I heard Bob's horse down the trail. And Frenchy laughing at him in that crazy, sobbing way."

FRENCHY swung the girl between him and the reeling foreman, a hundred feet below on the steep, rocky trail. The rest of the posse closed in. It needed no more than a glance to tell them they were beaten. It was tradition that one man could hold the pass against twenty. A rush up the trail was suicide. They could not shoot without hitting the girl. It would be better to bargain with the outlaw, give him his freedom, rather than have him ride over the ridge into the Bad Lands with Uncle Dan's daughter.

"Go back to the ranch," exulted Dupont, "an' tell Strickland I tak' his girl wit' me. As long as Frenchy Dupont's safe, she is safe. Odderwise——"

"Let's get him to palaver," one of the men suggested to the foreman, "and try to talk him out of it."

"An' you, Bob Harkness!" taunted Dupont. "You are the so-wise man about rustlers—I tak' your girl wit' me!"

"I'm going to do my stuff," said Bob, in a strange voice, to the men around him. "You boys wait here."

Before they could stop him, he had jabbed his spurs into his horse. It started forward.

"Don't try it!" screamed Dupont, and fired. Harkness' horse lurched forward and sprawled across the trail. Blood welled from its torn throat. As he fell, Bob stepped from the stirrups. His eyes never left Dupont and the girl. He walked stiffly toward them.

Those who have studied such things say that a body can reach a saturation point of suffering. That when it has reached this peak of agony it becomes impervious to further sensation—that it does not recoil at an added injury.

Dupont's second shot had hit Harkness high in the chest. At his next stride, his foot reached out very carefully, like the foot of a wader stepping in cold water.

"I kill you sure!" Dupont's voice was a frenzied screech. He couldn't believe what was happening. He was sure his shot had struck. But Harkness came on.

Dupont fired again—and again. Until his revolver was empty. One of those shots broke Bob's left arm. The others, fired in panic, went wide. Dupont's nerve had broken. He shrieked and flung his empty revolver at the man his bullets would not kill. It fell at the foreman's feet.

Dupont shoved the girl from him and ran for the buckskin. The big horse, already terrified, shied. Dupont struggled to cling to the saddle.

Bob Harkness stood in the middle of the trail. His legs were braced wide. His uninjured arm bent. His hand went slowly to the revolver at his side. More slowly still, it raised and leveled. Bob shook his head to clear his dimming sight. The target was bobbing up and down frantically.

"Got to do my stuff," the foreman murmured stubbornly. He fired. He saw the buckskin lashing viciously at the body huddled under its hoofs.

Then Bob Harkness sighed wearily and collapsed.

Myrtle reached him before the others could

"Don't try it!" screamed Dupont, and fired. Harkness' horse lurched forward and sprawled across the trail. As he fell, Bob stepped from the stirrups. His eyes never left Dupont and the girl.

crowd up the narrow trail. Just once Harkness opened his eyes. He saw her, kneeling at his side and saying something to him he couldn't hear. He struggled vainly to arise. Then, very solemnly, he said:

"Miss Myrtle—I—I—w-worship you. And that's turkey."

When the others reached them, her cheek was against his and she was whispering. Her hands were still tied behind her.

THE apron of the stage grinned in a jolly, wide crescent at the empty, darkened front of the theater. In one corner of the dim stage a drooping-faced young man with a camel's-hair cap and a striped silk shirt, vamped with automatic precision at a piano. Across the stage was lined a band of girls in knickerbockers, in gym clothes, in rompers, in almost nothing—the chorus at rehearsal. A very stout man with suspenders was bawling at them. The back of his neck grew red when he yelled. Close to the piano a brunette soprano, who once had studied for grand opera, was clearing her throat with a cadenza. Near her a little man, with a wistful lift to his eyebrows, started in distress.

"Another of them mi-mi-mi babes," he said. "What a break I get!"

In the lower right-hand corner of the big brick wall that was the back of the stage was a door. It opened. And through it swung a dark young woman with black eyes. Brooding eyes—but they were merry now.

"Yip-ee!" cried the young woman.

The fat man in suspenders halted indignantly. The back of his neck grew redder. The chorus squealed. Only the man at the piano kept at what he had been doing as Joe Welton rushed with arms outstretched across the stage.

"Lorrie Strickland!" shouted the comedian. And threw his arms around her. Two good troupers meeting. "Welcome back from the great, open spaces! Did you see where the West begins?"

"I gave it a new start!" she laughed back. "And it's pretty darned grand."

"And is that where men are men?"

"Just exactly—damn 'em!" said Lorrie.

He looked at her with an immense joy.

"Come on, Lorrie!" he said. "Let's do an essence. A little essence music, professor."

The man with the drooping face lifted the lower portion of it in a tired smile. The bawling fat man surrendered with a large, hopeless gesture of his shoulders.

Lorrie picked up her skirts and, as the man at the piano played the immemorial "Swanee River," the dancer and the comedian did their steps—and laughed.

THE END

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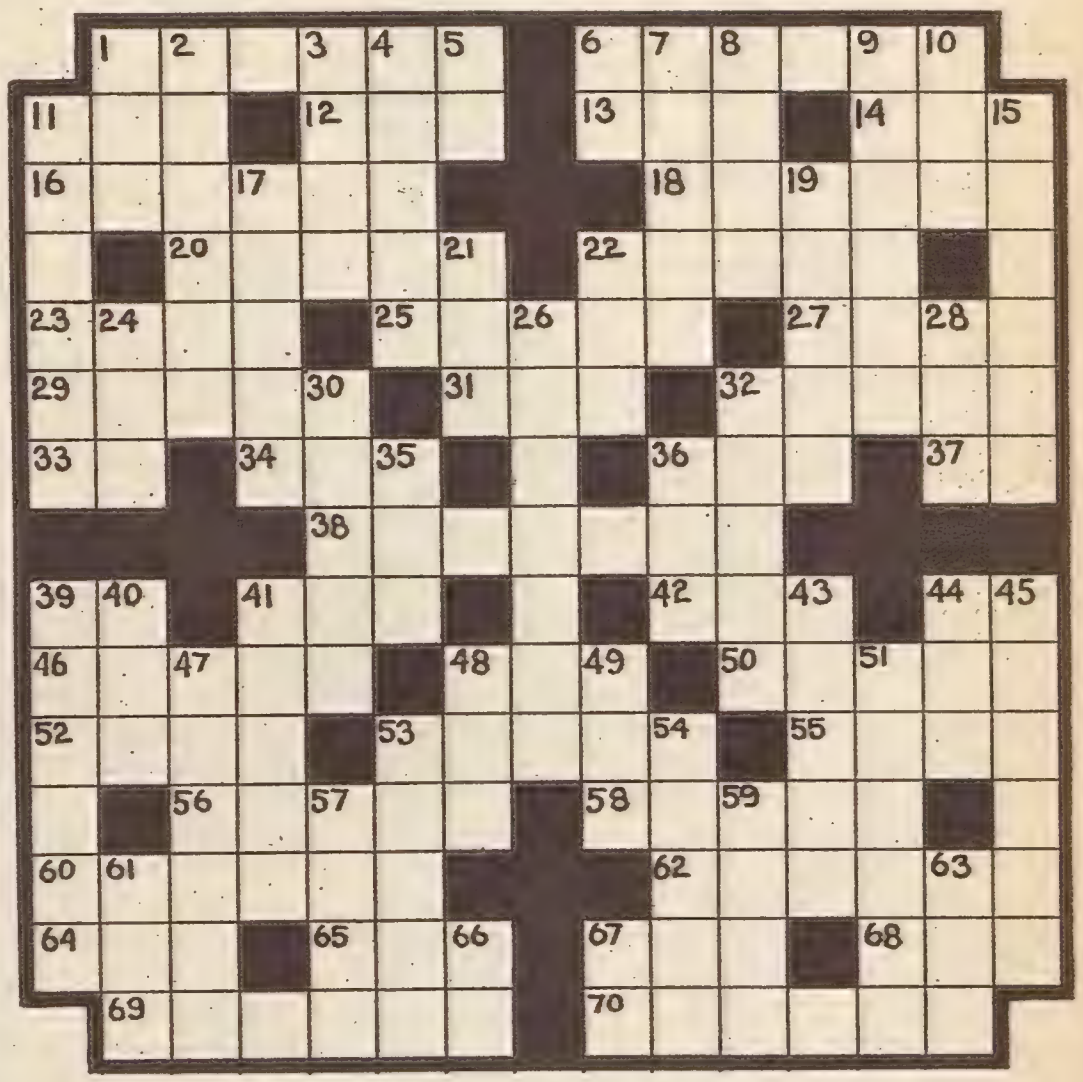
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle
No. 18

NOW that it is March we decided a lamb might look good among the lions. If your wits have been sharpened on previous Liberty puzzles this one will be as simple to solve as rolling down the back stairs. This doesn't mean it is entirely free from snags. For instance, what is "a vegetable favored in southern climes" or "a weed of grainfields"?



HORIZONTAL

1 A region of North America
6 To chant
11 A substance obtained by the distillation of wood, coal or other organic materials
12 To strike or beat gently
13 Remote
14 An Anglo-Saxon money of account
16 An implement for wiping out certain marks
18 To meditate
20 Founded
22 Having an offensive smell
23 The luminous train of a comet
25 A coin of the United States [plural]
27 A kind of social gathering [plural]
29 To fill with exultation
31 Condensed moisture from the air
32 A shelf
33 A prefix with the sense of "down"
34 A vegetable favored in southern regions
36 Instead of
37 Above and in contact with
38 Dwells
39 Elder [Abbr.]
41 Boggy land
42 The lair of a wild beast
44 Exist
46 Purchased services for compensation
48 The edge or border of a garment
50 Citizen of an ancient empire
52 Paradise
53 A treadle
55 A weed of grainfields [biblical]
56 An impersonator of characters
58 One who trains wild animals
60 Round-ups [western U.S.]
62 Ascending
64 To bring legal action
65 Any jewel
67 To grow old
68 A negative
69 Steps
70 Pertaining to a season of fasting

VERTICAL

1 A vehicle
2 A country of Asia
3 Monkeys
4 Risked
5 By
6 In case that
7 The back of the neck [plural]
8 One of the gaits of a quadruped
9 Drowsed
10 Before
11 Put to the proof
15 Come up from a lower position
17 Briny
19 Saltpeter
21 Performed
22 Of small number
24 A malt beverage
26 Deserved
28 Past; gone by
30 Supplied with ears or earlike appendages
32 One who unintentionally parts with something of value
35 The pieces used in chess, checkers, etc.
36 Supplied with nourishment
39 Cuts off
40 To disencumber
41 An inclosing barrier
43 Observes with care
44 To hinder from progressing
45 Vigor
47 An elementary book for instruction in reading
48 Possessive pronoun
49 To tangle
51 Pertaining to the sea
53 Assumed a studied attitude
54 Big
57 A loose outer garment worn by Roman citizens
59 Manner
61 External
63 A woman's nickname
66 Manuscript [Abbr.]
67 A man's name shortened

P	A	R	A	L	Y	Z	I	N	G	■	S	P	A	C	E	R
I	M	A	G	E	S	■	F	E	E	L	■	S	H	O	R	E
L	A	M	E	N	T	S	■	O	N	E	S	■	A	R	M	S
L	I	E	■	D	A	T	E	■	A	V	E	R	■	S	I	P
A	N	■	D	■	D	E	N	S	■	E	X	■	L	E	N	O
R	■	R	A	M	■	W	H	I	R	L	■	P	A	T	E	N
■	W	A	R	E	S	■	A	R	E	■	T	A	I	S	■	D
S	I	N	E	■	P	A	N	E	G	Y	R	I	C	■	L	I
A	D	D	■	T	A	L	C	■	R	E	I	N	■	F	E	N
B	E	■	G	E	R	M	I	N	A	T	E	■	S	L	A	G
B	■	M	I	L	K	■	N	O	D	■	S	E	T	O	N	■
A	B	A	S	E	■	E	G	R	E	T	■	H	E	W	■	L
T	O	R	T	■	P	A	■	A	R	E	S	■	M	■	S	A
I	L	L	■	P	I	S	A	■	S	A	P	S	■	P	H	I
C	E	I	L	■	P	E	R	T	■	R	A	L	L	I	E	R
A	R	N	E	E	■	L	I	R	A	■	R	U	I	N	E	D
L	O	S	E	R	S	■	D	I	S	T	E	M	P	E	R	S

Answer to Puzzle No. 17

White Pants WILLIE

The Story of a Young Man Who Found Love and Adventure in Dazzling, Money-Drunk Palm Beach

Final Installment of a Serial by

ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by C. D. WILLIAMS

"Helen! You're freezing." "Shouldn't let — you — see me—like this," she gasped.

"OH, WHAT a beauty of a cruiser, Dad!"

Helen leaned eagerly over the gunwale as the nose of the speed boat poked at last into Cutlass Inlet after two hours of aimless fishing off the coast.

It *was* a beauty—a long, black motor cruiser, decked three-quarters of the way, lying at a little dock just inside the inlet. Men were unloading heavy boxes; a loaded truck could be seen through a break in the trees.

"She is a beauty," Charters agreed. "But we don't want to look at her too closely; these fellows are probably bringing in some Scotch from Bimini, and they won't want us meddling. Swing around, Roscoe, and go back out to sea."

But, as they swung, men tumbled from the dock into the black cruiser. Her motor stuttered, then hummed; an answering stutter from the shore as the truck started, rumbled away. The cruiser's bow swung round and pointed toward them, toward the mouth of the inlet.

"Hah!" said Charters. "They don't like it. Give her the gun, Roscoe, and we'll take ourselves out of sight."

But they couldn't take themselves out of sight. They shot out of the inlet, falling fans of water dropping away on both sides of their lifted bows; but behind them another fan of spray parted before the cruiser that came on, nose three feet out of water, leaping, the roar of her engine filling the mangrove bordered channel. There was a shoal outside the inlet on the south toward Palm Beach; they had to turn up the coast. The black cruiser shot out, straight out, skirting the shoal; she cut them off from escape southward. She turned and pursued.

"By George!" said Charters. "They must be sore. Better stop and talk to them, maybe, and cool them off. . . . No-o." He had been studying the four men in the cruiser through his field glasses; his glance fell on Helen. "No, I guess we'd better keep away. Give her all you've got, Roscoe."

THE boat was already going fast, but she shot forward now like a sprinter leaving his mark. They drew ahead; then the black cruiser slowly began to gain. She was between them and the shore, driving them out to sea. Slowly she crept up on them; then one of the men on her deck lifted a rifle; there was a crack, and a bullet whined across the smaller boat's bow.

"That settles it," said Charters. "They could pick us off. Slow down, Roscoe; we'll see what they want."

The black cruiser drew alongside; four faces peered from her deck, from the little open cockpit behind the engine room. Bootleggers, Charters knew; but his nerves twitched a little as he looked them over. They didn't look at all like the genial merchandisers of forbidden good cheer—the respected citizens who sold him his Scotch and gin and champagne in Palm Beach.

These were the hard persons who brought it over from the British islands, who ran the coast guard's blockade and took the risk. Hard

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
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Pleasant Taste

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Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

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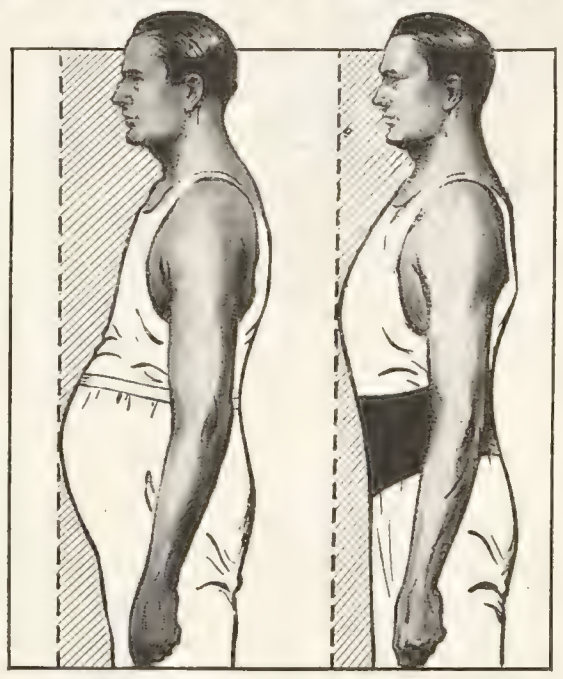

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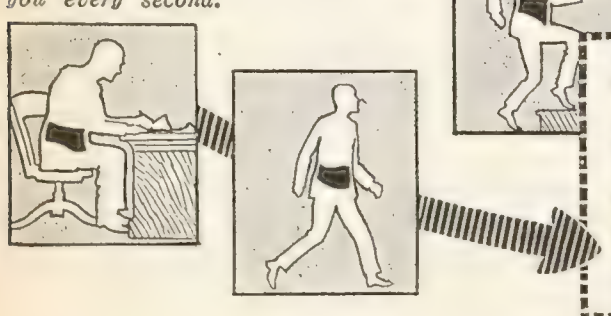

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

persons. Three of them, roughly dressed, with tanned faces, looked like the sweepings of the Bahamas. The fourth, apparently the commander, was paler; he had the sharp features, the shiftiness, the cold, hard eye of the city gunman.

"Hold up there!" he called. "Who are you?"

"Peaceful fishermen," Charters answered. "We didn't mean to intrude on you — so we turned around and came away."

"Goin' after the coast guard, eh?"

"Not a bit of it. We're for you."

"*For* us! You look in and run out like you're goin' to tell somebody that will see we don't get back where we started from. No you don't. Not a bit. You'd run up to Jupiter Inlet and tip off the coast guard and then we'd all get pulled. Not today, brother. You come along with us."

"LOOK here, man, you're all wrong. I wouldn't have brought my daughter with me if——"

"Say, I used to hang around a dump in Times Square. It was pulled by a couple of guys that come in all dressed up, with their molls along. That's an old play. To—what is it the papers say?—to disarm suspicion."

"But I'm not a prohibition agent. I live at Palm Beach. I——"

"All right, all right. Only we'll have to take you and your boat along with us. Give 'em time to distribute that stuff you saw us unloadin' and you can go back."

"Time?" Charters snapped. "How much time? We have some engagements in Palm Beach."

"Oh, some time tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Charters repeated slowly.

"Tomorrow?" Helen gasped.

"I said 'tomorrow.' You'll just come over into our boat and run back with us to the islands—one of my boys will bring your boat along—and then some time tomorrow we'll drop you in British waters where you can't do us any harm and we won't do you any harm."

"Tomorrow!" said Charters. "Look here, you're all mistaken. I'm for you. I buy lots of liquor myself—probably I've even bought some of yours. My name's Charters—Philip Charters. You must have heard of me."

"Maybe I have. Don't remember."

"Well, I've got an extremely important engagement tomorrow morning. A business engagement. I've got to be in a West Palm Beach real estate office before noon to close a deal. It means a lot of money to me."

"It means a lot of money to us not to get pulled."

"But this is real money! It's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"Look here, let us go back now and I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

urgent. I—look here, let us go back now and I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

"Got it with you?"

"I've got a check book——"

"Hell! You three get over into our boat now. No, leave the nigger; I'll send one of my boys over there to take charge. We're pretty comfortable here—give the lady a cabin tonight—and tomorrow we drop you somewhere in the islands and let you find your way back. Let me tell you you're lucky. Lots of guys would croak you and drop you overboard for the sharks. All we want is a little of your time. Come along now."

SILENTLY they boarded the cruiser, sat down in the after cockpit. With the smaller boat following, the cruiser swung about and headed toward the southeast. The gunman watched them from the engine-room door.

"You're taking your time," Charters grunted, presently.

"Got to. We burnt a lot of gas chasing you. We'll get to the islands some time tomorrow morning; then we'll lead you around a little bit and let you go."

"But I'll pay you——"

"Like hell you will," said the gunman, genially. "Our business pays us all we need."

Helen saw her father's face going gray.

"Just when the market had broken right," he whispered. "Just when I could have swung this deal at last. And Clem—Clem could close it, if he knew. But he's gone to Jacksonville, and we can't reach him. Nobody else could do it. Wish I'd brought some of the organization—— But it's too late for that now."

"Clem's gone to Jacksonville," said Helen, slowly. "And Clem told you the fishing was good at Cutlass Inlet."

"Huh? Oh, nonsense. Why should he——"

"I believe he hates you, Dad. I know he hates me. We had an awful row last night. Because I'm going to marry Bill. He hates Bill, too. And he's been doing all your work down here for years, running your business while you play golf; he does everything here for the Charters organization, but he isn't Charters; he's only Charters' 'yes man.' And I think he's getting tired of it. Yes, he hates you."

"BUT—— Why should he try to——" His voice changed. "After all, I'm still pretty tightly involved in the market. Fountain River is a sure money maker. Millions. I don't believe the market can keep on going up—yesterday's break is bound to be repeated. But if it does, Fountain River may save me. Anyway, Bascom couldn't come in in time, but I'd meant to give you half of this Fountain River property. Some day I might have given you all of it."

"As a—a wedding present?"

"No. On general principles. Time you had property of your own and learned how to take care of it. Directly or indirectly, Fountain River was to be your money—that would belong to you, no matter what happened to me. Clem knew that. So, maybe—if you really quarreled——"

"We certainly did," she sighed.

They were running down the coast now—far out, beyond the clusters of fishing boats. The shore line was barely visible. Helen pondered. They must be parallel with Palm Beach, now—yes, surely; that higher elevation of the flat shore must be the roof of the Poinciana, the black point etched against the sunset was its wooden tower. Eight miles—perhaps ten.

Her father couldn't get back in time. Fountain River would be lost—Fountain River, that was to have been her fortune, hers whether she married or not. Hers, even if she married the man she loved. Theirs.

"Dad!" she whispered. "Go up and talk to that man. The boss."

"What for?"

"Never mind. Keep him busy. Maybe I can—— Dad, you're a peach, and I haven't always been very nice to you. But I'm going to try to do something—— No, run along. Go and talk to him."

Hesitantly, he walked forward to the gunman, leaning in the engine-room door. Helen bent over, her hands busy.

"Look here," Charters began. "I wish you would—I wish I——"

Nervously he glanced back over his shoulder, just as Helen stood up on the stern locker. She kicked off her shoes, wriggled out of her dress, and was gone, an arching streak of pink and white, over the stern and into the green water.

White and trembling, Charters leaped back to the stern. Far back in the wake he saw a vanishing swirl; behind him he heard shouts:

"Shall I take a shot at her, Joe?"

"Want me to run back?" called the engineer. The gunman stared at the distant black line against the sunset.

"Hell, no! We're ten miles out. Let the sharks have her."

Charters stamped up to him.

"You inhuman beast! You——"

Yawning, the leader took his hand out of his pocket; it swung quickly, weighted with something short and black: Charters felt a terrific blow on the back of his head, felt himself falling, but never felt himself hit the deck.

II.

SEATED on the brown palm log, Willie stared hopelessly out over the motionless sea. Calm—utter calm. No winds, no waves; only, at intervals, a long, low swell rolled slowly in to break in a hissing wash of white on the sand.

She hadn't come back. Somewhere, out in the ocean, the motor boat must be drifting, helpless; it couldn't have been swamped on this windless night; she must be waiting for him.

He stood up. Time to hire a boat with a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

strong searchlight, and hunt her again. Out there in that flat, watery plain——

A pale spot in the black water, a momentary flash of dim whiteness. Another. Somebody was swimming in. Willie stared dully, wondering if he had been so absorbed in his troubles that he hadn't seen an outgoing bather pass him. Another flash, closer in; another——

From the dark water a white form raised itself. slowly, wearily. Willie prepared to desert the beach. A solitary night swimmer, so sure of seclusion that he or she could do without a bathing suit, wouldn't want to stumble on an unexpected observer. A last look—he saw the white figure sink down, tumble with a soft splash in the lapping water at the beach's edge. It didn't rise. Something wrong. He turned back.

As he ran toward the water the figure heaved itself up on hands and knees, struggled slowly to its feet.

"HELEN!" He thought his shout was loud enough to carry across the lake; actually, it was strangled in his throat. But she came toward him. Dripping, shivering, glove-silk shirt and knickers clinging to her, a sheath of pink pasted on her white figure, she staggered toward him, her hands held out. As he caught her fiercely, clung to her with the incredulous hope that follows long despair, she managed a feeble smile.

"Who said sharks?" she whispered, from the depths of utter exhaustion. "Just come — from ten miles out—didn't meet a single one."

He released her, but kept her hand.

"Helen! You're freezing."

"Shouldn't let—you—see me—like this," she gasped.

"Nonsense. That costume covers more acreage than your bathing suit."

"Didn't mean that. I look like a half-drowned kitten——"

"You're the most beautiful girl in the world," he told her, and meant it. "But you're freezing. Here!"

He took off his coat and wrapped it around her, then picked her up and turned toward the house. He staggered under her weight in the loose, dry sand; little trickles of water ran down his arms and body; she was deathly cold.

"Thought you might be—waiting," she whispered. "You—haven't asked—about Dad."

"Haven't thought about him," he confessed. "Is he all right? Good! Then tell me the rest tomorrow. I'm going to carry you up to the house and call a doctor."

"Don't need a doctor. Maid and cook will do. I need a rubdown, and some dry clothes, and a shot of whisky, and a cup of coffee. Then I want to talk to you. Trouble. Maybe you can help."

He wasn't sure of that. A ten-mile swim—hours in the water—she needed a doctor and a twelve-hour sleep. But she wouldn't have it; and when he had brought her back to the house and the astounded servants, he found that her orders prevailed. He didn't wait more than twenty minutes, alone, before he was called up to her sitting room, and found her pale but smiling, on a chaise longue, propped on cushions, in a creamy negligee; the bobbed topaz hair, brushed dry, fluffed and crinkled as ever. Her maid was just taking away a tray of dishes; Helen lit a cigarette.

"Well, boy!"

He fell on his knees beside her, kissed her hands.

"Not now," she said. "Got to talk business, now. Dad's been kidnaped. So was I, but I got away. Sharks wouldn't have me. You see——"

Quickly she told him about it.

"Bodine," he mused. "Yes, I guess it was Bodine. For I just learned this afternoon that he's the man that holds the second options."

"Ah! Now I see. He'd meant—Dad was to crash and Clem would pick up the pieces—I was to be one of the pieces—— Oh, Bill, we've got to beat him."

"How? Get hold of him at Jacksonville? He wouldn't——"

"If I know Clem, nobody will be able to find him till day after tomorrow. No, Bill. This is up to you. Somebody has got to take Dad's check to those people before noon tomorrow. He hasn't made out a check, but—— Haven't got a baseball rain check, have you, for a model? Well, we'll get a book he's written his name in. You write a good hand, Bill; any number of good hands. Now's your chance to write your way into the Charters family."

III.

A BRILLIANT, golden morning—caressingly warm, but not hot—the best sort of morning Palm Beach produces, which means the best of all possible mornings. Up Palm Beach's flimsy and apologetic Main Street hummed a huge gray limousine, to stop before the little bank. A girl got out—a girl in a blue-green sports frock; a youth in blue serge coat and white flannel trousers followed her. They came up to the cashier's desk.

"Good morning, Mr. Maskell. Mind certifying this check?"

He looked at it—"Pay to Philip Charters, fifty thousand dollars," and then the flowing, old-school Spencerian signature, with billowy curves and a swirling flourish at the end—"Ph. Charters."

"Why, no; only — I'd a little rather he'd brought it himself——"

"Didn't you hear? Our motor

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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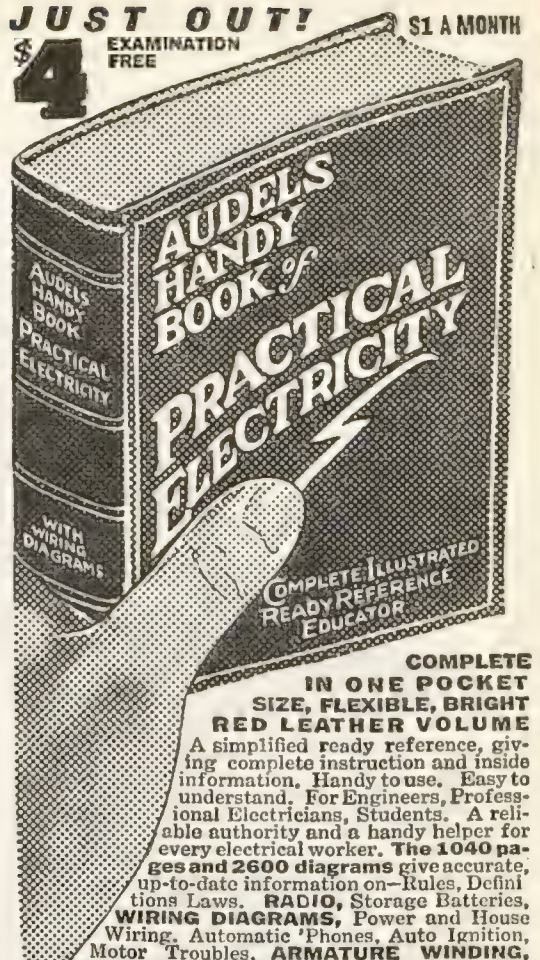

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HIS FACE IS HIS FORTUNE

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

boat had a breakdown a mile off shore. I swam in—he couldn't—to get help. And he's got a business deal to close right away——"

"All right," said Maskell. "That signature's O. K."

In a real estate office in West Palm Beach half a dozen men rose as Helen came in.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Suppose you've heard about the accident to our motor boat? Don't know whether they've got help to Dad yet. And since it's half past eleven I thought I'd better come over and attend to this for him. Mr. Bascom, gentlemen. He's interested, with my father, in the Fountain River development."

Willie was introduced to Mr. Plummett, whom he knew, several realtors and lawyers he didn't know, who also represented the owners, and a sharp little man—a Mr. Mobsley of Jacksonville — who, it appeared, represented the Fontaine Realty Company, ready to exercise its subordinate option, if Mr. Charters didn't appear before noon. And Mr. Mobsley was inquisitive.

"You hold your father's power of attorney, Miss Charters?"

"Why, no; but Mr. Bascom——"

"We understand," said Mobsley, "that you and Mr. Bascom are engaged. But, of course, legally——"

"QUITE right, Mr. Mobsley," said Willie. "But I'm a licensed real estate broker—here's the license if you care to look at it. I thought I might find it useful when I came to Palm Beach. So, if you gentlemen have the documents ready for me to look over—Helen, you have the check?"

She laid it on the table.

"Look here," said Mobsley, "I want to know about this. Last night we heard Charters was missing. Today we hear his motor went dead and Miss Charters swam ashore to get help. But where's Charters?"

"Out in the boat still, I'm afraid," said Helen. "They're looking for him."

"Then how, and where, and when did he draw this check?"

"Yesterday afternoon, before we went fishing," Helen told him. "He put it in a drawer of his desk. I saw him."

"You saw him? Saw him draw it and sign it?"

"Certainly. You know his signature, Mr. Plummett—and you—and you. Mr. Maskell over at the bank knows it, of course, and he certified the check."

"The contract seems to be all right," said Willie. "Well, gentlemen if you'll kindly sign on the various dotted lines——"

They came out again into the golden sunshine; the gray limousine received them in its cushioned depths; the loose planks rattled as it rolled across the long wooden bridge, back to Palm Beach.

"Weren't you scared?" said Helen. "I was scared blue."

"Oh," said Willie, "the front is ninety-five per cent, in real estate. If I'd been some scared, shabby fellow we might not have got away with it; but walking right in on them in my white pants——"

A sputtering roar off to the left; from the blue lake a seaplane rose, carrying passengers who would fly over Palm Beach and look at the scenery for five dollars a head.

"Well," said Helen, "if father can't forgive you anything now, when you've just committed a nice, big felony to help him—— Poor Dad! Wonder how they're treating him. It may be days before he gets back."

The drumming roar passed above them; the airplane flew away to the southward. Then, slowly increasing, came another drumming roar; they looked out. Another plane was streaking in from the east across the ocean; it banked, turned; the roar stopped as the motor was shut off; with a graceful swooping dive it descended slowly, lit on the water, glided down toward them between double fans of spray.

"Bill!" said Helen. "Do you suppose——" She leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur. "To the seaplane landing. Quick!"

They ran out on the dock just as Philip Charters, with bandaged head, climbed out of the motor boat that had ferried him in from the plane.

"Helen!" He turned limp as she flung her arms around him. "My God! What happened? Somebody pick you up? . . . What? You swam it?"

He sat down heavily on a bench.

"Then everything's all right," he said presently. "It's a miracle or you're a miraculous swimmer. I hired a plane at Bimini. We got here too late, but I don't mind now losing that Fountain River deal—now that you're safe."

"Sh! Sh!" She glanced around at the boatmen.

"You didn't," she whispered. "I gave them your certified check, and Bill handled the deal as a real estate broker."

"My check? But——"

"Don't talk!" she said sharply. "The car's waiting. Come home, and we'll tell you the whole story at lunch."

"Two stories," said Willie. "It's time to come clean."

PHILIP CHARTERS dropped a heavy lump of cigar ash in his coffee cup, and stared across the dining table at Willie.

"Let me see you sign my name," he demanded. Willie took his pencil and wrote it on the back of a letter.

"Perfect!" said Charters. "My God! Perfect. It would fool even me. . . . So all this life history of yours was a fairy tale?"

"Well, Mr. Charters, they say fairy tales come true in Florida."

"And you're still going to marry him, Helen?"

"Why, yes, Dad; we thought we'd be married next month in the church on the North Trail, if it suits you. And if it doesn't suit you we'll be married in the courthouse at West Palm Beach, this afternoon."

"And you haven't got any money at all?" he flung at Willie.

"Oh, not so bad as that, sir. I've got about four dollars and a half. And I believe, in equity if not in law, you owe me something for my services as a real estate broker, in closing that Fountain River deal."

"And you two would get married on that?"

"Well, sir, I think I could support Helen. I know this must seem pretty bad to you, sir——"

"Bad? It's positively felonious. Any man who can forge my signature to a fifty-thousand check is dangerous. So damned dangerous that I've got to keep him in the family, even if he isn't the son of an oil magnate. Have to give you an interest in that Fountain River property, I guess. . . . No, no; that's all right. I'd earmarked that for Helen anyway. She'd give it to you if I didn't; so you two might as well fix it up to get married in the church on the North Trail."

IV.

ANOTHER bright, golden morning. The big gray limousine hummed softly away from the West Palm Beach courthouse, carrying two hushed and exalted young people and a document which authorized anyone duly empowered by law to perform the ceremony of marriage for and between Helen Charters and William Bascom.

"Oh, Bill!" she said, suddenly. "Is there a telegraph office on this side of the lake?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Just had a cable of good-luck wishes this morning from the Duchess of Montsalvat, at Nice. She'd just read about our engagement. She's a dear—she was down here last winter. And I thought I'd send her a cable of thanks. I liked her a lot."

So the limousine dropped her at the telegraph office on the busy, buzzing Main Street of West Palm Beach, and Willie Bascom got out, too, to cross the street and buy a package of cigarettes. He got them and was coming back, cutting through the double row of cars parked in the middle of the street, when he heard an astounded exclamation:

"Well, Willie Bascom! Of all things——"

He stopped with a chill of horror. Never, in Florida, had Bill Bascom been called Willie. He looked up into a car beside him—a car that had once been black but now was faded to a dull gray with dull brown mud splashes. Across the radiator hung a defiant pennant, purple letters on an orange field—"Sloanestown, Illinois." And in the front seat was Judy Witt.

"Hello, Judy! What on earth are you doing here?"

"Papa's cold hung on, so the doctor made him take a vacation, and we drove down to Florida. We've been all around over the state. . . . But what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm in the real estate business," said Willie, absently. His glance was roving over her—placid brown eyes, upturned nose, bobbed brown hair—but a lifeless brown, no lights in it. Incredible, that once——

THEN he saw a rather yellowish diamond on the third finger of her left hand. Her gaze followed his.

"A fellow at Orlando gave me that," she admitted, reddening. "Room clerk in a hotel there. Awfully nice fellow—he works at Muskegon in the summer. When are you coming back to Sloanestown, Willie?"

"Sloanestown? Why, I'm under a cloud in Sloanestown."

"My goodness, didn't you hear? Mock Eppley, and Butch Houser, and Pegleg Bray all got arrested for making moonshine, not very long after you left. They've all gone to jail for two years. You can come back to Sloanestown."

"Then maybe I'll run down from Chicago for a day, some time next summer," he said politely. "My heartiest congratulations to your fiance, Judy. I hope you'll both be very happy."

Judy regarded him sullenly.

"I see you wear your white pants down here," she sneered. He permited himself a faintly reminiscent grin.

"Yes; I've found them rather useful in Florida."

Out of the telegraph office came a radiant girl in a blue-green sports frock, with bobbed topaz hair curling from beneath her close-fitting hat. With a hasty gesture of farewell toward the mud-splashed car, Willie crossed the street and joined her; the gray limousine received them in its cushioned depths.

"Who was that you were talking to?" she asked.

"Oh, some people I used to know back home. You're likely to meet almost anybody on the Florida East Coast."

THE END

The QUESTION Is:

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

A poet, his eyes all aglow,
Wrote an ode to the "beautiful snow";
But a hole in his shoe
Let a wintry blast through

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....
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(Issue of March 7)

Did the Poet Die? or Merely Suffer?

CLANG! Clang! Get out of the way, folks, before that ambulance runs right over you! Refer to the coupon on the left. There you will discern the whole distressing situation. Maybe the poet caught cold in his head; maybe he got the flu. But maybe he found a piece of his soul (sole! Ha! Ha!) would cover the hole in his shoe!

Let's hurry up with the last lines, folks.
Perhaps the Poet won't need an ambulance!

$500 a Week for Limericks!

Liberty's Greatest Contest---Open to Everyone, Everywhere!

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of February 7. The Limerick read as follows:

A matinee idol one day
Strolled pompously down the White Way;
A banana's smooth peel
Got under his heel

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

And his act was a "flop," critics say.

Written by G. R. GLASS, 4011 Euclid Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Then he idoled (idled) six weeks without pay.

Written by W. C. HELLMAN, 4530 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

But his spring suit saved him, they say.

Written by S. S. PEDERSON, 20 North Ashland Boulevard, Chicago.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

The star's fall was heard in N. J.

Written by MRS. GERALD WALKER, 1270 Josephine Street, Denver, Colo.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

His gyrations no pen can portray.

Written by J. M. MARTIN, 101 Summit Avenue, Hot Springs, S. D.

FOR THE FIVE BEST LINES

submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon (telling what happened when the poet felt the icy blast on his toes) Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

1st Prize . . . $250 3d Prize $75
2d Prize . . . $100 4th Prize . . . $50
5th Prize . . . $25

Use the coupon in submitting your last line, or copy the Limerick and write your suggestion for a last line on a separate sheet of paper. You can submit as many last lines as you wish. Every member of the family can compete. The contest is open to men, women, and children. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two.*

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

ALL LAST LINES *for* *THIS WEEK'S* CONTEST MUST REACH US NOT LATER THAN *MIDNIGHT, MARCH 14*

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You Lovers of White Homes—Here's Good News

For those who love the clear, crisp beauty of white paint on wood or stucco—the richness of white trim with brick or stone—the charm of white garden furniture, trellises and arbors for climbing roses—

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Zinc-O-Lith is so good that you would expect to pay more for it. But that isn't necessary because the newly developed materials from which it is made cost less. And when you get Zinc-O-Lith you will be pleased to find that it will cover more surface, that it will cover this larger surface *better* and retain its gloss for a greater length of time. Your painter will be surprised at the ease with which it is applied—all reasons why it will cost you less to paint white with Zinc-O-Lith.

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PURE WHITE

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"A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"—*Painted by Guy Hoff*

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A SMOOTH, fine skin, free from blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous pores—you can gain it by the right care!

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Begin today the right Woodbury treatment for your skin, and see what an improvement will follow. Day by day your complexion will grow smoother, clearer, lovelier!

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State....

To give your skin the charm of "*A Skin You Love to Touch*"

Use this famous treatment to free your skin from blackheads and to keep it smooth and clear:

Each night before retiring, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a slightly rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Whenever possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

EACH day your skin is changing. Begin, tonight, to give your skin the special Woodbury treatment it needs, and see how quickly the whole tone of your complexion will improve.

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SEND COUPON TODAY FOR THE NEW FREE GUEST-SIZE SET OF WOODBURY SKIN PREPARATIONS